

JOHN BULL



TWOPENCE

The Good-night Drink

THAT IS

Inexpensive to use

'Ovaltine' is definitely the most economical bedtime beverage. The 1/1d. tin makes 24 cupfuls of the most complete, correctly balanced and concentrated nourishment obtainable.

Scientifically perfect

'Ovaltine' is prepared by exclusive scientific processes from Nature's finest foods—malt plus milk plus eggs. This wealth of nourishment is rapidly conveyed to body, brain and nerves. Not only does 'Ovaltine' ensure sound, peaceful sleep, but its special and exceptional properties restore your energy while you sleep.

Best you can obtain

The world-famous 'Ovaltine' Dairy and Egg Farms ensure that 'Ovaltine' is supreme in quality as well as economy. 'Ovaltine' is 100 per cent. pure, concentrated nourishment.

Most popular the World over

In countless homes 'Ovaltine' is the good-night drink for every member of the family. Furthermore, it is the food beverage most widely recommended by doctors throughout the world.

Drink **Ovaltine**
delicious
-and note the Difference!

IMPORTANT

The Wander Laboratories, like the 'Ovaltine' Factory and Farms, are amongst the finest equipped in the world. On the staff there are doctors of medicine, doctors of science, and fully-qualified chemists and pharmacists.

Research is being constantly conducted into nutritional problems, and special investigations and comparisons carried out with regard to the quality and value of foods, beverages, etc. From time to

time our own findings are confirmed by independent research workers.

No matter what tests are conducted—and many have been carried out in Hospitals, Sanatoria, etc.—the results prove the great advantages of the composition of 'Ovaltine.' If it were possible to make 'Ovaltine' better, this would be done. It is, however, impossible to improve the qualities and beneficial properties of 'Ovaltine.' It stands in a class by itself.

A. Wander Ltd., 184, Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

Prices in
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N. Ireland,
1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

CARPET BARGAINS

9! 1/2

John Bull's Carpet Bargains. On receipt of P.O. 9/1, cart. 1/-, we will forward direct from our London store one of our "Bargain" Carpets. **JOHN BULL'S CARPETS**. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom etc. Made in England.

20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Green, Brown, Blue, Red and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a quality of our own can only be obtained direct from our London store. Guaranteed genuine bargain. Thousands repeat orders. Every carpet is guaranteed to give away a handsome rug to the owner. **SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 Mats. Made for 20/-**. Cash or C.O.D. 2/-.

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ALL ROUND VALUE AND A SQUARE GUARANTEE FOR A STRAIGHT LINE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 31

FOUR-WAY BED-CHAIR

17/6

6ft. long when extended, 3ft. wide. Solid oak, 3 velvet cord cushions any colour; turned legs, spring seat. Call and inspect or send for new coloured Cat. J. Cash or 2/- weekly H.P. Carr. & Pack, E. & W., 1/6.

NORTH BUCKS DIRECT TRADING CO., LTD.
22, Shaftsbury Avenue, Piccadilly Green, London, W.1.

SENSATIONAL BULB OFFER.

GLADIOLI—Large Flowering Varieties. 25 separate colours. 1/- doz., 5/- 100. All colours mixed. 5/- doz., 5/- 100. **HYDRANGEAS**—Do-Do, single flowered, all colours mixed. 1/- doz., 5/- 100. **ARISTOLIS**—Single, in red, white, yellow, orange, copper and orange. **GIANT FLOWERING**, 1/- doz., 5/- 100. Double in some colours. **GIANT FLOWERING**, 1/- doz., 5/- 100. These Gladioli are guaranteed the very best in Britain, with enormous flower. The colours are distinct, and no two Gladioli are alike. **SPECIAL OFFER**—144 Giant Flowering Gladioli in 25 separate varieties, 6/- 100.

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Two finest British pure White All Wool Yorkshire Blankets of lovely texture, blue borders, whipped ends. 6ft x 8ft; 5ft x 7ft. Two All White Luxury Flannel Blankets with whipped ends. 6ft x 8ft; 5ft x 7ft. Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20 x 30in. One Bolster Case, 20 x 30in. Two Grey Condensed Cotton Towel Hemmed Sheets, 7ft x 9ft. 14ft pair. One All-White Quilt, 7ft x 9ft. Car. Paid 5/- or 4/2 monthly. Write for Illustrated Catalogue from **A. & G. Graves Ltd., Sheffield.**

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2 White, 2 Yellow, 2 Red, 2 Copper, 2 Pink. 2 Salomon. First Quality Trees. Our Selection is 6/6 Or 6 (1 of each) for 2/6.

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CARNATIONS GIANT DOUBLE FLOWERING. Best plants, best varieties. 2 Scarlet, 2 Apricot, 2 White, 2 Pink, 2 Cerise, 2 Yellow, 2 Mauve. The whole collection of 15 for 2/6.

SHARNBROOK NURSERY, LTD. (Dept. J.B.T.), PARK VIEW ROAD, WILLOW, KENT

HOOVER-REBUILT

Cleaner Bargains

GREATLY REDUCED PRICES from £4

The actual makers of the Hoover Cleaner have for disposal a small quantity of Rebuilt Hoovers; taken in part exchange for new models. Easy Payments. Guaranteed. Write to Hoover Ltd., Dept. R.J., Pottville, Greenford, Middlesex.

SOHO MYNA

Look!!!

Landscapes, portraits, groups (size 3 1/2 in. by 2 1/2 in.) can be taken with the new "MYNA" all-British folding camera. It has a large brilliant view finder, quick loading action and is finished in chrome black and chromium plate. A very smart and efficient camera. Wonderful value at **15/-**

Ask your dealer or write direct to **SOHO Ltd., 3, Soho Square, London, W.1**

DEAF

Test the wonder Deaf Aid—the S.O.S. REMEDY offered this week at 25/-. Previously sold at £7.7.6. The greatest little deaf aid ever designed. **NO BATTERIES—NO WIRES—NO OTHER PARTS—NO RENEWALS—ABSOLUTELY INVISIBLE—AMAZING POWER COMPLETE IN THEMSELVES.** Fits right inside the ear. This is the greatest ear bargain ever offered to the Deaf. **THIS WEEK 25/- ONLY PREVIOUSLY £7.7.6**

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GENUINE LONDON BUSMEN'S TROUSERS

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Another of our remarkable bargains! Genuine London Busmen's Trousers, only very slightly worn. Navy Blue Serge, thoroughly cleaned and pressed, and in first-class condition. Reinforced seams, very strongly sewn. All fitted with new waist bands. Ideal for all men requiring a Garment for real hard wear and service. All sizes, 32 to 42-in. waist, usual leg lengths. These garments were made under contract, and being in first-class condition and only slightly worn, are only very rarely available. D.B. Jacket to match, 5/6, or complete suit 12/6, post 6d. Order to-day with every confidence. Cash back if in any way dissatisfied. **J. WHITEFIELD REID & CO., 28, Kirby Street, London, E.C.1.**

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LOCAL trade is limited, so why not advertise in "John Bull's" famous "Shop Window" and sell countrywide? Expert advice on suitability of goods and advertisements written by "John Bull's" mail order specialists—free of cost. Details without obligation. Write on business card, enclosing 1/-, to: The Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., "John Bull," Room 20, 27/28, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



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PARK-DRIVE
15 for 6d

10 FOR 4^d PLAIN OR CORK TIP (MILD) 5 FOR 2^d

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JOHN

BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending
SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1939.
93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: TEMPLE BAR 2468.



A BRITISH
INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

BRITAIN'S ONE BIG VOICE

HITLER'S banditry has changed the many voices in this country into one great voice crying "Halt!" Gone are the dissensions, the quarrels, the accusations. In the face of the Threat, the nation is united behind its leaders.

REND THE HOLES

Now, at once, the National Service system must be organised so that the public's unity and determination may find full expression.

Before Hitler broke his Munich promises. National Service was not the success it should have been. Reasons for that partial failure, as "John Bull" showed a fortnight ago, were vagueness, overlapping, red tape. People did not volunteer because they did not know, and could not find out, where they were most needed.

TELL US . . .

All that must go. Already the authorities are mending some of the holes, but they must work faster. And, above all, they must tell every member of the public what is wanted of him. Then volunteers will come not in a trickle, but in a great flood.

LOVES OFF

Don't blame Mr. Chamberlain because the Appeasement policy had no lasting results. It was the right, the only policy. At September it saved us from war when we were unprepared for war. While there was one gleam of hope in Hitler's word of honour could be trusted. Appeasement had to be pursued. But now the new Napoleon has made it finally plain that his word is his bluff. So, the gloves are off.

THE THUNDERBOLT

What consummate cunning the man! Last week-end "John Bull" had been the highest possible authority in Whitehall the guarantee that the March crisis period had been passed without trouble of any kind. Hitler had been spending all his time in "The Merry Widow" and giving presents to dancers. Goering was away on a slumming holiday. Everything was in a state of confusion. That is what the British Government secretly believed, when out of a sky as blue as any we had seen for a year, came the thunderbolt. We will remember that in future. . . .

FREEDOM FOR ALL

From now on, Britain knows better than to believe the dove-like cooings which come from Berlin in the intervals of Hitler's roars. We threaten no one, but we will not be threatened and we will no longer be while other free peoples are threatened. We want all Europe to be a land where a slave cannot breathe nor infer a presumption to ask for more earth than will cover his tomb. —art a mo', Hitler.

GINGER PENSIONS

Cabinet Ministers are under fire—and they don't like it. Every day in the Commons, some M.P.

Radio's new miracle gives them hours of pleasure in their own home. But it is also giving headaches to lawyers, and soon legislation will attempt to clear up the complications of televising big fights and other popular programmes



asks a question about old-age pensions. Always artfully disguised as attempts to obtain information, these questions have one obvious object: the attempt to get the pension raised above the stingy 10s. level.

At first, Ministers were bland, then irritated, and now are frankly apprehensive.

GINGER METHODS

Oh yes, the Government has a huge majority.

But there are very real reasons for that apprehension.

Because the questions are coming from Conservative as well as Labour and Liberal M.P.s.

Because influential Conservative back-benchers have bluntly told their Whips that the demand may become a first-class election issue.

Because a national association of old-age pensioners has been formed, and hopes to get ten million signatures to a petition.

BEHIND THE SCENES

That will make big news. News of the sort that the Government won't relish.

And we can tell you this: though Chancellor Sir John Simon has set his face firmly against a pension rise, there have already been behind-the-scenes discussions whether the Cabinet can afford to let him remain obdurate.

WAIT FOR NEWS

Nothing definite has yet been decided, or is likely to be for some months. We'll let you know directly Ministers make up their minds.

But accept our assurance that if the agitation grows nation-wide they will surrender. There is every chance of that happening.

You can help by writing to your M.P.

the Labour Party can help by keeping up its campaign, and the pensioners themselves have reason to keep up their chins.

JOB-STEALING

Trouble is brewing over a new work scandal.

Welsh unemployed are already indignant because men from other parts of the country, particularly Ireland, are getting the jobs designed to help their stricken areas.

Now there is an influx of Cypriots and Maltese, who are British citizens and therefore cannot be debarred from work in Britain.

ON THE SCREEN

Television will soon be in Parliament—though only as the subject of important legislation.

The television screen may be clear enough, but the copyright on television transmissions is shrouded in darkness.

Already barristers are earning big fees in trying to give legal ruling.

WHAT'S THE ANSWER?

Suppose a prize fight is to be televised and reproduced on a life-sized screen in hundreds of London cinemas?

Who owns the copyright in the reproduction and who is to receive royalty payments? That's a prickly problem.

MAKING STRIDES

And television is making more than three-league strides. Soon it is going to be possible to transmit programmes over telephone lines to provincial cities and translate the dots and dashes into pictures and redistribute them.

Experiments carried out at Alexandra Park, London, have already proved that.

No wonder the lawyers are rubbing hands in ecstasy over the legal possibilities of action and counter-action. And no wonder legislation is coming to clear up the mess.

NO COLONIES!

Poland doesn't want colonies, thank you!

Col. Beck, Poland's Foreign Minister, who is due in London soon, has privately told Whitehall so.

Count Ciano, on his recent visit to Warsaw, tried to win Poland to the Berlin-Rome axis by promising support should Poland ask for colonies from the democratic Powers.

WHAT HE WANTS

But Col. Beck wants something more solid than that.

His first aim is the independence of his country.

In the trade sphere, he wants, not colonies, but access to all the raw materials Poland needs, and British credits for Polish enterprises. He's likely to get them.

DISGRACEFUL

Two of the Big Five banks have issued regulations which have dismayed their staffs and ended a century's practice.

They extend the retiring age to sixty, or after forty-three years' service, instead of after forty years' service as hitherto.

War Office Secret Plans

HERE'S the sensational truth about those mysterious Czech refugees who arrived by plane last week and were hurried away by a Government representative.

They left Prague only a few hours before the German occupation.

And they brought to London secret plans of an entirely new type of army tank and a new kind of machine cannon for aeroplanes.

Six of these "hush-hush" refugees, whose names and occupations have been so carefully kept quiet by Whitehall, were head designers of the famous Skoda munition works.

Prepared to place their services at the disposal of our authorities, they destroyed all records of their two years' experiments before they left.

So Germany has lost invaluable military secrets—and our War Office has gained them.

Voice of the People

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU..

They say of Money that you can't take it with you when you leave this world. But while you are here, it bulks large in your life, touching almost every human activity. The letters on this page show a few of its millions of tentacles.

In 1929 I built my house in a road cut through what had been a field. Now, ten years after, although nothing was said about tithe at the time, the

21/-

Tithe Redemption Committee tell me I must pay them 21s. a year. They admit I owe 6d. a year only—but claim that I must also collect 6d. from the other forty-one people who have built houses in the same field.

Why should I have to go cadging coppers from two-score neighbours? On the other hand, why should I pay tithe for other people? It seems the very negation of British justice.—W. T. C., Weston-super-Mare.

This Committee has the power to make other people do the collecting for it in this way and isn't hesitating to use it. So far as we can ascertain, it picks a name from a hat and holds that man responsible. Those who object—even though they readily pay their own share—are dragged into the County Court.

☆

In certain districts it is now the rule for children to take 1d. a week for the maintenance of the school wireless-set, and my little girl was put on a publicly exhibited black-

1d.

list because I forgot to send it. In another district, where we once lived, children were expected to take polish for their desks—but, at least, youngsters were invited to pass their tins to little ones who hadn't brought any.—A. Deakin (who has omitted to forward address).

Our files show that council school children are taking money for flowers, chemistry experiments, charities, sports gear, etc., etc. Trouble is that children of poor parents are made to feel inferior.

☆

My father has found it impossible to draw his 10s. old-age pension for a very extraordinary reason.

10/-

Hants.

There wasn't enough money in the post office at the time. — Mrs. M. O'Connor, 13A, Strouden Road, Bournemouth.

☆

I have just been married. I had always believed the minimum cost to be 7s. 6d., but it turned out to be 19s. 7d., made up as follows:

19/7

3s. for calling banns at my church; 3s. 6d. for certificate of banns; 3s. for calling banns at bride's church; 10s. 1d. for licence and verger's fee. I could afford the money—but for

many scores of thousands of hard-hit people it is far too much.—E. B., High Street, Morley, Leeds.

Commented a London vicar: Churches have to be heated, lighted, repaired, decorated, just like cinemas. We would like to subsidise weddings with all our hearts, but we are far too poor.

☆

Because my husband's salary exceeds £5 a week, my son's scholarship is no scholarship at all. We have to pay £2 9s. term fees.

£2 9s.

Such are the sacrifices we have to make to give him his chance—rent and rates and other things being high—that we wonder why it is still called *free* scholarship.—Mrs. Baden King, 18, Thame Park Road, Thame, Oxon.

"Free" scholarship nowadays is free subject to means of parents, another evidence of the means test mania from which we are suffering. One result is that £5- and £6-a-week fathers are finding it almost impossible to save the money necessary to start scholarship-winning boys in the professions.

☆

An elderly relative from Germany is visiting me.

10

Marks

She was permitted to bring just 10 marks. She asked, before leaving, how she could hope to live on that.

An official answered: "You must sponge on your friends."—R. R., Parnaby Terrace, Hunslet, Leeds.

☆

Boxers don't have their boxing gloves taxed, cricketers their bats, soccerers their footballs.

3d.

Yet—my game being cards—I have to pay a 3d. tax on every pack.—L. Norwood, 108, Geldeston Road, Clapton, E.5.

Playing-cards impost was introduced in 1695. Intended as a tax on card games rather than the cards, it was the first form of entertainment tax. It reached 2s. 6d. per pack in 1801, fell to 1s. in 1828 and 3d. in 1862.

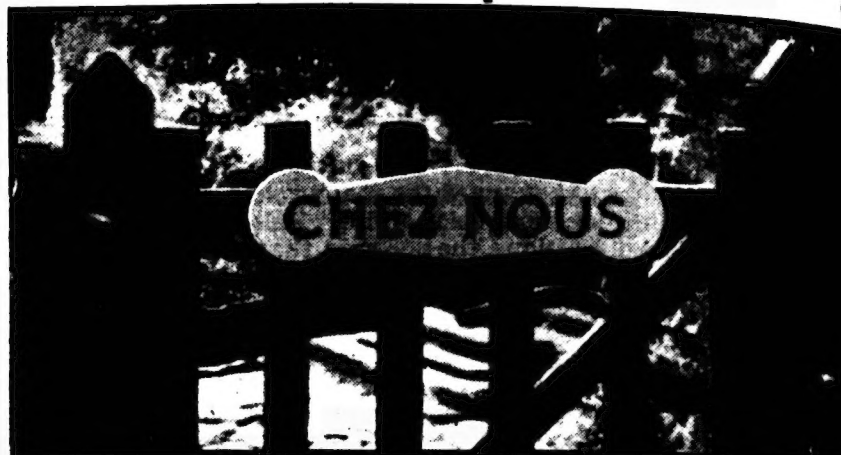
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Seventeen years ago a man with a cultured voice knocked at my mother's door and asked for hot water. She gave him 2d.

2d.

The other day the same man called again, recalled the incident, and told how that 2d. had so set him on his feet that he now had an excellent post with an east coast council.

John Butterfield, as he called himself, then forced a £1 note in the hands of my astonished mother, and walked away.—L. P., High Laver, Ongar, Essex. A 6d.-a-week rise, carefully saved up,



enabled Andrew Carnegie to go to America, where he made his immense fortune. And, incidentally, gave us a chain of excellent free libraries.

☆

Apparently the G.P.O. has started to refuse money.

As honorary secretary of a School National Savings' Association, I put £2 5s. in silver on the post office counter to buy savings' stamps.

A weary-looking official informed me, to the amusement of other people waiting, that he could refuse my money as it was not legal tender.—I. M. Lloyd, 59, Welford Road, Shirley.

Legal department of G.P.O. says, although nothing over 1s. in bronze or £2 in silver is legal tender, post offices are asked to take any currency within reason. Remember that if any counter clerk tries to be "regimental."

☆

We are living longer. We may want our birth certificates for eighty years.

These are bureaucratic days. People are always having to produce birth or marriage certificates for one purpose or another. They are worn out by when

1/-

you are middle-aged.

Why not certificates on the strongest parchment for 1s. extra?—Sam Perry, 60, MacLean Street, Glasgow, S.W.1.

Official view is that there is no reason to believe present certificates are not strong enough, and that, in any case, it would be impossible to charge two different prices.

☆

I let my country cottage to some paying guests. The time came for them to pay.

So anxious was I to obey the law that I went to the village policeman and asked whether a stamped receipt would be necessary.

"Yes," he said. "And have you an Aliens' Register?" I hadn't. Result: Fined 5s. and costs.—Mrs. C. D., Hornchurch.

Hint to landlords: Big police drive is in progress to enforce keeping of Aliens' Registers. In present state of Europe, reasons will be obvious.

TEN shillings a year is the tax Reader James Neville, of London Road, Coventry, would impose on people who use names for their houses instead of numbers.

As a van driver for a big stores, he says the extra petrol (and flashlamp batteries) he uses in searching for "Dunroamin," "The Firs," etc., cost many pounds a year!

My friend "A" draws £4 15s. a week another friend "B" £4 17s. 6d.

"A," invited to do the £4 17s. 6d. job like his pal, refused. He would have to pay more income tax, would get no unemployment benefit, would have to pay

2/6

doctors' fees and medicine. He would be poorer, he found, for that rise of half-a-crown.—A. Mitchell, 97, Stonebridge Park, Upper E. stville Bristol.

This because one is just under and the other just over that important £250-a-year dead-line. Incidentally "A" will get his air-raid shelter for nothing, while "B" will have to pay £3—sixty-four weeks of extra hall crowns!

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.



GROW MORE FOOD!

Urges Reader C. Clarkson

What was Britain's sternest lesson in the Great War? And what should we have learned from what should be the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

lowest ebb? Surely that we should replough our idle acres and grow more food. That opinion was neatly and vigorously expressed in a *Bulletin* by Mr. C. Clarkson, 14, Drayton Bridge Road, Hanwell—and this young furniture salesman secured ten fine prizes in one for his effort. WHAT THE COUNTRY NEEDS — CROPS — REMEMBER — SHAVE! Turn to page 39 and this week you can win a splendid 10-in-1 First Prize with a few simple words.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

MOBILISE

to fight

UNEMPLOYMENT



*Work would lighten his despair.
And work can be found for him—if
the Government has the will to
find it*

P RIME MINISTER, we will tell you what is the greatest failure of your Administration. It is unemployment.

We will tell you the reason for that failure. It is because the National Government has never really tried for success.

Yes, we know that enquiries have been held in the Special Areas, and that Commissioners have been appointed. We know, too, that the Commissioners have done some good work.

But, all the same, the National Government hasn't really tried.

It has not really acted as if unemployment were a peace-time crisis, a national emergency requiring the concentrated and continuous attention of a group of able Ministers.

Let us explain what we mean.

Three years ago the Government decided that the comparative defencelessness of Britain was a crisis, an emergency. Necessary appointments were made. Necessary orders were given. Necessary money was found.

There were already three Ministers waiting to give rearmament their undivided attention—the Secretary for Air, the Secretary for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty.

A fourth Minister was appointed—the Minister for the co-ordination of Defence.

Then a fifth Minister was appointed—Sir John Anderson, the Lord Privy Seal. He was placed in charge of civilian defence.

A new department of the Home Office was opened and staffed to deal with A.R.P.

A new department, the Food (Defence Plans) Department, was created within the Board of Trade.

So there were the men.

And for the money, it poured out.

In 1935, £65 millions was spent on the Navy. In 1938 the total was £124 millions. In 1939 it will be £148 millions. More than doubled in four years.

In 1935, the Army cost £45 millions. The 1938 cost was £106 millions. The 1939 cost will be £148 millions. More than trebled in four years.

The Air Force cost £27 millions in 1935. The cost in 1938 was £120 millions. This year the cost will be £206 millions. Increased more than sevenfold in four years.

The total cost of the three Defence Forces this year will be some £523 millions. A.R.P. will cost £51 millions, compared with less than £10 millions in 1937. Storage of food and control will cost £5 millions.

Thus total defence expenditure this year will be around £580 millions, exceeding last year's figure by £175 millions.

Now that is what we do call a national effort.

Five Cabinet Ministers on the job. Five hundred and eighty million pounds.

Now compare this scale of effort and expenditure with what has been done about unemployment.

No Ministers on the job at all. That is the first surprising thing to be noticed.

In the Cabinet there is not one Minister, let alone five, directly responsible for finding employment for the workless.

There is a Minister of Labour. But his job is to run the employment exchanges and issue the unemployment figures.

There is a President of the Board of Trade. But it is none of his business primarily to see that trade is good.

And just as there is no Minister of Employment, so there is no department of the

Civil Service working on the problem of unemployment.

What about expenditure on work-finding? To-day, after three years' work, the total commitments of the Commissioners of the Special Areas are scarcely above £20 millions.

That is about one-thirtieth of what is being spent this year alone on national defence.

So why wonder that nothing is achieved in the way of creating employment? There is no machinery, no money, no Ministers.

Now do not let us be misunderstood. We do not grudge the gigantic expenditure on defence. It is necessary.

But if so great a national effort can be made for rearmament, why cannot an effort just as great be made in an attack upon unemployment?

Unemployment is a crisis, too.

For over a year the number of registered unemployed has stood at an average of very little less than 2,000,000. There are probably another 400,000 or so workers who are unemployed, but not registered.

From the point of view of the community, that represents a waste of productive resources on an immense scale.

From the point of view of the unemployed, unemployment is an unearned punishment involving both mental distress and physical privation.

From the point of view of national defence it is a source of weakness.

From the point of view of the reputation of democracy, it is as damaging as anything well could be.

For a nation which allows one-seventh of its total number of workers to stand idle, without work, without wages, must expect a few raised eyebrows when it suggests that its form of government is the best in the world.

WE would like to see our nation demonstrate not only that it can defend its people against the attack of external enemies, but that it is able to defend them also against the domestic enemies of unemployment, insecurity and poverty.

We could do it, too.

But only by making up our minds that we will do it, and then by taking all the necessary steps.

We cannot make any such attack upon social evils unless we appoint good men to take charge of that attack, and give them power to take all necessary measures.

Britain needs an Economic General Staff to plan its industrial future, to watch over the course of trade, to ensure the maintenance of high-level prosperity.

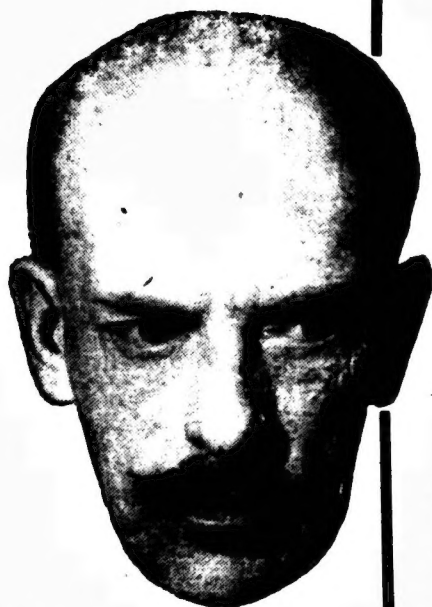
It should be presided over by a first-class Cabinet Minister, and other Ministers whose departments are concerned with this or that aspect of unemployment should sit upon it.

It should have its own department in the Civil Service.

Then at last things might begin to happen.

For it is absurd to maintain, as some do, that unemployment is a mysterious curse imposed upon men by Providence, from which there is no escape—or by economic laws of which no modification is possible.

Man made the economic system, and man can mend it. But not while it is no man's business to get on with the mending!



Sir Wyndham Childs
Chief of "John Bull's"
Investigation Department

Rank Trickery

Business House requires private secretary, prepared travel. Excellent references required, also fidelity bond. £6 per week, expenses.—Write Box —.

REPLIES to this advertisement in a national daily paper poured in from all parts of the country.

By return applicants received a letter from a man calling himself "P. V. Rank" and using the Waldorf Hotel, London, as his address.

He explained that the position was one of trust.

"At times," he added, "you will be called upon to share the duties of my other secretaries in travelling backwards and forwards to Southampton, Hull, Liverpool, Leeds, Bradford and Manchester."

* * *

Expenses in all instances, it was stressed, would be first class.

Then came a request for £5 towards the cost of the fidelity bond and the promise that this sum would be returned in six months.

"Mr. Rank" ended up with the assurance: "If you are accepted by the guarantee company I will grant you an interview at my hotel and would be prepared to engage you within a fortnight."

These letters, obviously stereotyped, went out by the score.

At the hotel the management became suspicious about the large postbag for their guest, and "Mr. Rank" must have noticed this, because after a few days he disappeared.

He did not pay his bill and left a little worthless luggage in his room.

* * *

When the police were notified they discovered that the man who wanted to add to his retinue of busy secretaries was a rogue known to them as George Davies with a string of aliases.

For years he has specialised in tricks of this kind.

Public Benefactor

This week Mr. James McCready, of 32, Corbi Street, Greenock, Renfrewshire, secures the £1 ls.

He furnished the clue to a wide-spread racket.

Mark your envelopes: Public Benefactor.

The police will get them soon. But until they do, watch out for these crooks and others who work the same types of racket.

WANTED!

Manchester

Round-faced, always smiling, a man with many fictitious names, including that of Riley, has come to be known to the police as an expert travelling cracksmen.

His mask is a business man of some importance, but he is a perfect artist in robbing houses where he stays.

He has got away with valuable hauls in a wide area round Manchester.

Plymouth

Though she never changes her methods, a middle-aged woman manages to go on cheating up and down the country in a most incredible way.

Using commonplace names like Walker or Ward, she takes a furnished flat or good-class apartments in a town.

She states that she intends buying a house in the locality, and, after

obtaining goods on credit from various shops, manages to cash worthless cheques.

Many Plymouth people were fleeced a short time ago.

London

Professing to have offices in London—the last one was in Ludgate Hill—James Allen, under numerous aliases, tours the country looking for men to swindle over bogus partnership propositions.

He stays at good hotels, advertises in local newspapers, and secures substantial cash deposits from those who get in touch with him.

Lately he has been in Hampshire, Norfolk, Suffolk and North Wales.

Exeter

A buff-coloured book which, he pretends, contains a secret Government code, is part of the cunning bluff of a crook who is doing well

out of his pose as an Air Ministry official.

He uses various assumed names. Leyton he called himself when he was in the Exeter neighbourhood recently.

There, as in other towns, he defrauded an hotel manager and obtained money from other people by a number of ruses.

He favours places where R.A.P. equipment is being manufactured, and tells the most plausible stories of arrangements he is making for members of his staff to join him.

When he has raked in all the money he can with safety, he slips away in his smart car.

Sevenoaks

Another smooth-tongued rascal who trades on mythical Government work generally goes by the name of Bailey.

He was last heard of at Sevenoaks, but he has hoodwinked people with the same trick in a great many towns.

Saying he is a foreman for a firm carrying out important Government contracts, he enquires for suitable accommodation for workmen who will shortly be arriving.

People of standing have even been convinced that he was preparing for the erection of new wireless stations, and he has a clever knack of letting important-looking blue-prints fall out of his notebook when he is talking to those he wants to impress.

He has tricked an astonishing number of persons.

Everywhere

His real name is Stuart and he was born in Liverpool, but he has one of the longest strings of aliases on record.

Posing as an Army officer and a Government official, he travels about the country in cars which he hires and seldom pays for.

Any deception to obtain easy money suits him equally well, and he prides himself on his art in duping women.

Quack Leaves Trail of Sorrow

A GIRL cripple whom he promised would walk comfortably again is one of the most pathetic figures in a trail of disillusion left by an unctuous quack in the Folkestone neighbourhood.

Describing himself as Charles Martin, D.O., osteopath and bone-setter, he took large sums from people he undertook to cure.

When he was faced with exposure he ran away, and, it is thought, is now on the Continent.

The girl whose hopes he so callously encouraged fell down a long flight of stairs when she was a baby.

Although everything possible has been done to overcome her affliction, she has remained a cripple ever since.

When Martin established himself with a great flourish of publicity at Folkestone, her parents, in desperation, took the girl to see him.

"She has a bent backbone," he said with impressive confidence. "But don't worry. I'll soon put it right and your daughter will walk again."

Not more than six treatments would be needed, Martin said, but after the girl had been to him eleven times there was not the remotest sign of any improvement.

By that time the parents had paid him nearly £6.

In another case Martin said he could heal a woman with some special ingredients which could only be obtained from Russia at a cost of £17 10s.

As she is poor and her elderly mother is suffering from cancer, local residents subscribed the amount.

The wonderful treatment amounted to nothing more than supplying a few hundred black pills which produced no results.

A similar remedy was given to a woman who had been discharged from the local hospital as incurable. She paid eight guineas.

Many other invalids who went to Martin at his consulting-rooms in Guildford Street, Folkestone, and Palmarsh Avenue, Hythe, were given what he called "monk's oil," a green liquid for which he charged half-a-crown a bottle.

He declared it was prepared from a plant which bloomed once every three years in a monastery garden in Brittany.

A supposed secret German treatment for arthritis was another bluff he tried to sell for twenty guineas.

When this shameless trickster first went to Folkestone he paved the way for his impositions with public lectures.

The police will have some questions to ask him if he is traced.

Shun this Helping Hand

N EIGHBOURS who see Mr. Percy Morris driving off in his car from his villa in Kensington Drive, Salford, Lancashire, no doubt imagine him to be a prosperous business man.

He is nothing of the sort. Mr. Morris conducts the Christian Voluntary Aid Society, which is supposed to exist for charity.

It claims to provide free breakfasts and dinners, Christmas and New Year treats to the deserving poor, and summer outings for poor children and tired mothers.

Information as to how much money is available for this work and how much is actually spent is not broadcast. Though he told one of my representatives that he had issued balance-sheets, Mr. Morris could not show him one.

He does some collecting himself and he says he also employs "financial agents" to assist him.

He runs a mission in a small hall in Ruthin Street, Salford, which was once a stable, and services are held there about twice a week.

Evangelistic and Social Centre and the Helping Hand Mission are names he uses for this side of his activities.

About once a month free breakfasts are given to about a dozen poor children.

Morris and his wife say they were members of the Salvation Army in Scotland before they joined the notorious Bert Corry in his bogus charity ventures in Manchester.

After a while they broke away from him and started their own concern.

It would be interesting to know how much money Mr. Morris does collect, how much is actually spent on charity and how much he receives for salary and expenses.

Meanwhile, I am sure no one need feel conscience stricken if they ignore his appeals.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier (contd.)

Mr. & Mrs. Raffles are in Hiding

A DISTINGUISHED - LOOKING, cultured crook is hiding from the police after a remarkable series of frauds.

He usually goes by the name of Captain Stanley, but at times he also calls himself Captain Stanley-Carter and Captain or Mr. Desmond-Carter.

After swindling people in the grandest style in Birmingham, Swansea and London he capped all his exploits with a superb masquerade at Torquay.

Prominent residents there must still be rubbing their eyes in wonder at the ease with which he secured more than £4,000 before he slipped away with an attractive woman, posing as his wife, and their baby boy.

For two or three months they had regarded him as a person of importance and were flattered by invitations to dine at his beautifully furnished residence in Higher Erith Road.

He pretended, among other things, to be a personal secretary of Lord Halifax, Minister for Foreign Affairs. Aeroplane journeys on supposed diplomatic missions lent an air of reality to this impudent pretence.

Fluency in speaking several languages helped also, and the charming visitor seemed to know many well-known people of title so intimately that someone jocularly called him the "Human Debrett."

* * *

Mrs. Stanley, a pretty woman with fair hair, had just the trace of a foreign accent.

She claimed an utterly fictitious distant relationship to the Rothschilds, but she spoke more frequently of her early life in Poland.

Her father, she said, had been in the

Diplomatic Service in that country and she sometimes used the title of Countess. She let it be known that her family possessed vast estates which she would one day inherit.

That was the fairy tale on which this modern Mr. and Mrs. Raffles chiefly relied to carry through their clever swindling.

Choosing their dupes carefully from among the wealthy acquaintances they made, they wove the story of this great fortune into an impressive mystery.

Everyone who was told the romantic details imagined they had been singled out for a special confidence.

There were, they were told, complications, enemies were at work trying to cheat Mrs. Stanley of her inheritance, and it was of the utmost importance that the greatest secrecy should be maintained.

But any moment the last difficulties would be overcome and the fortune would be secure. It was estimated at £250,000!

One elderly man felt it to be almost a privilege to be allowed to lend such a delightful couple £2,000 until their money arrived.

Another victim parted with sums of £300 and £150.

When the roseate bubble burst after Captain and Mrs. Stanley's sudden departure from the town a few weeks ago the local police found that the total haul amounted to nearly £4,500.

Tradesmen had been bluffed, too.

Big bills had been run up everywhere and a smart car hired with a chauffeur had been obtained on credit.

Even a perambulator for the baby was not paid for.

When the couple made their plans to disappear a nursemaid was out with the baby in the perambulator.

They packed a few belongings in one small suitcase and, still using a hired car with a chauffeur, they waited for the nurse near the house.

Saying they were taking the baby for a run in the country, they sent the girl home.

They then told the chauffeur to drive them to a village just outside Torquay and asked him to return for them in about an hour's time.

When he came back they had vanished.



● Baron Alfons Rothschild (left) and Lord Halifax ... their names were shamefully misused by Captain Stanley and his accomplice, the charming "Countess"

You Have Been Warned!

SAHIBOL LAKAJAT, of The Hague, Holland, goes one better than the usual lucky-charm charlatan.

He offers one talisman specially prepared against accidents, another for luck in love, another for long life, and so on.

Prices vary—12s. for the love-charm, compared with only 4s. for the safeguard against accidents—or the whole lot in one talisman for 15s.!

Throw his silly touting circulars away.

* * *

DO the same with a booklet bearing the arresting title, "Bradbury's For You," sent out by Bradbury's, of Hermon Hill, Wanstead, London, E.

You are asked to pay 10s. for a book of five tickets, with the promise of £2 if five friends purchase a book.

On the last page is the strange injunction: "Clients are not allowed under any circumstances to call or visit our offices personally."

* * *

WHEN one of the ex-collectors of the Anti-Poison Gas Association was fined recently, it transpired that collectors were paid as much as 50 per cent.

Some time ago I questioned whether there was any real need for this concern.

* * *

FUNERAL ghouls are active on Tyne-side.

Many Blyth people, distressed by the death of relatives, have been duped by men pretending to represent undertakers and obtaining advance payments towards expenses.

Reports of similar mean tricks in other parts of the country are constantly reaching me.

* * *

BEWARE of men in various places anxious to sell bottles of whisky at half the usual price.

Often it is just coloured water, and the racket has become a very extensive one.

A member of one gang has been fined at Wood Green, London. The "whisky" he sold was vinegar!

* * *

THE Melton Manufacturing Company, of Leicester—most impudent of homework racketeers—is still fooling people with its imposing literature.

Many are unemployed and desperate. I have a pathetic letter from a Ramsgate man who sent £1, which meant a lot to him, only to find that he was expected to pay another £5 for materials.

* * *

IN addition to the guide-book snare watch out for a man in Yorkshire who is duping tradesmen over advertisements for non-existent church magazines.

One shopkeeper at Castleford paid him £2.

Oddest Club, 6d. a Time

RACING and football pontoons mixed with sick and accident benefits is the queer mixture offered by the first National Sick and Benefit Club, of Soho Square, London.

According to the literature which is being widely circulated, 6d. a week per share covers everything, and a free advice bureau on legal, medical, travel and general matters is thrown in.

The free pontoon, restricted to members, seems to be star attraction, though.

Its popularity is stressed in letters to prospective agents, and it is explained that it is the Club's method of sharing surplus monies.

Chairman of this unusual concern is Mr John Pratt, and actual control is apparently in the hands of Metropolitan and Provincial Clubs, Ltd.

Since it is emphasised that there are no levies, no fines or management fees, the Club would seem to be a philanthropic institution also.

Anyway, it is one of the oddest sick and benefit clubs I have heard of for a long time, and my advice is that people will get much more for their money by joining one of the ordinary friendly societies.

Their benefits, apart from anything else, are much more substantial.

Law Enforces Cruelty

HOW cruelly grotesque the law can be!

To realise that, you've only to read the sad story of a seventy-year-old Worcestershire man, whose son, an ex-soldier, has been in a mental hospital for thirteen years.

Until a little while ago he had, out of his meagre earnings, paid first 5s. and then 2s. 6d. a week towards his son's maintenance.

Now, with only his old age pension and a superannuation allowance of a few shillings, the old man has broken down in health.

* * *

So the money he paid for years for his son would be a tremendous help to him, and he wonders if he could reclaim it.

He cannot. The law is such that the Army authorities could not, even if they

wished, pay for the son's maintenance in the mental institution.

The boy, as he was then, served in the war and re-enlisted for a further two years.

But before he had served half that term he was discharged as medically unfit.

His pension of 7s. 6d. a week ended two years later, yet he never properly recovered his health and eventually had to enter the institution.

Whether or not his breakdown was directly due to his war service it is plainly unfair that his father should have been compelled to pay for keeping him there.

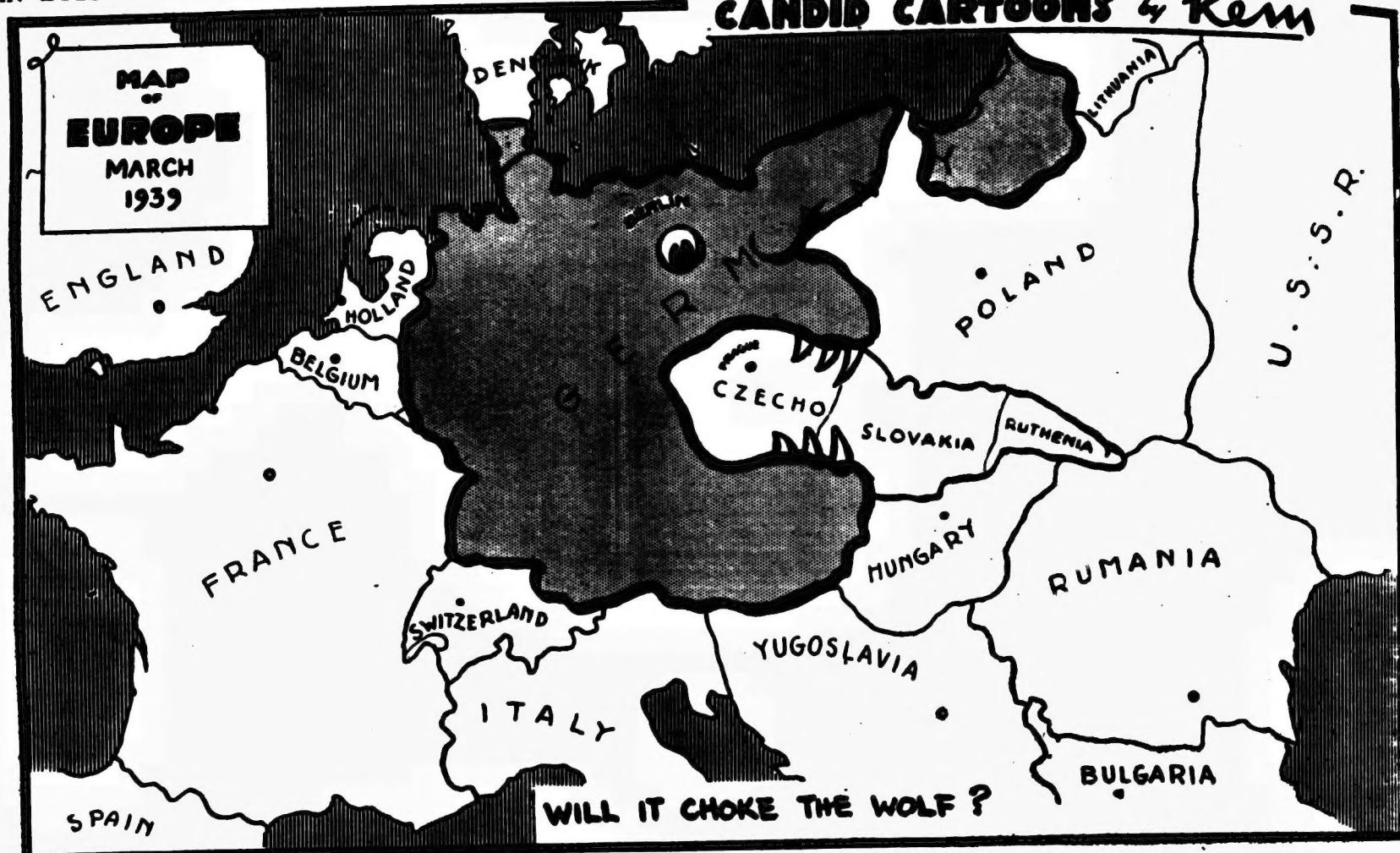
Surely, in cases like this, the least the country can do is to bear expense of that kind?

I have several times drawn attention to this anomaly of the law.

What a disgrace that it is still tolerated!

What's to "John Bull" About it

CANDID CARTOONS & KEM



OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain.

DEAR PRIME MINISTER.—When Hitler presented you with a trio of broken pledges as a birthday "gift," he shocked the whole world.

But you must know that every thinking man and woman outside Germany—and many in it—have nothing but congratulations and admiration for you.

Regarding you as their saviour, they offered you many happy returns for their own sake as well as yours.

With an energy and single-mindedness of purpose which have won my unqualified esteem, even though in the past I have not always been your supporter, you pursued your policy of Appeasement to the bitter end.

Indeed, the end was bitter, but it was no fault of yours. The entire blame rests on the reckless and unscrupulous acts of the German Fuehrer. No greater double-cross has ever been witnessed in history.

While we must now reach the sorry conclusion that there is no hope of appeasing one who regards his spoken and written pledges so lightly,

one whose appetite grows faster as he swallows more, your work for Peace must still go on.

I urge you to give a lead to all the peace-loving nations of the world. Invite them to an immediate round-table conference.

Invite the Dictators, too, for if they decline they will stand self-condemned before the world as men who prefer the bully's fist to the court of justice.

The Dictators need not attend the conference as "the accused." They would come as co-partners of civilisation. As you have said, there is no quarrel between nations which cannot be settled by fair discussion.

Go ahead, Mr. Chamberlain. The country is with you. But go ahead too on the home front. Don't let foreign affairs distract all the Government's attention from the pressing needs of the people inside Britain.

Above all, tackle unemployment. As we rally to National Defence, make sure that we have a country that we can defend proudly.—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL,

Hythe, Kent

GENTLEMEN.—Warm-hearted people everywhere will be angered by your objection to the presence of refugees in seaside resorts.

Thirty Sudeten Germans are staying in Hythe before leaving for Canada next month. So far as you are concerned, it seems, they can go homeless and cold-shouldered.

I'm glad the British Legion has entertained them. And I'm happy to believe that English hospitality and sportsmanship will continue to flourish despite the existence of Hythe Town Council.—JOHN BULL.

Rev. F. CLIVE LUGET,

Middleton, Essex

DEAR RECTOR.—The blind stupidity that has wasted lives in the past is still going on.

You complain of delay in dealing with a fire that has made seven of your parishioners homeless. Because the two burning houses were outside the borough boundary, the brigade had to wait for permission to attend—and did not arrive until nearly an hour had elapsed.

I'd like to start another fire—of the red tape that ties the hands of firemen and ambulance drivers.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,

Lewes, Sussex

YOUR WORSHIPS.—If a Brighton man speaks to his wife within the next twelve months he will be sent to jail. So you have decreed.

His wife had applied for police protection. Meeting her in the street, he is alleged to have knocked her down three times, caught her by the throat, banged her head on some railings.

I should have jailed him at once. And I wonder why wife-beaters seem to be treated more leniently than men who poach or steal a few shillings?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. HARRY DAY, M.P.,

London, W.C.

DEAR SIR.—You are rightly indignant that many cinema employees work more than 70 hours for approximately 50s. a week; as I showed long ago, wages are even lower in some cases.

Of course, this deplorable sweating is confined to a comparatively small section of the industry, but there should be power to make independent wage-cutting proprietors conform to general agreements.

I hope you will continue to raise the scandal in Parliament until that power is granted.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman R. RILEY,

Jarrow

DEAR ALDERMAN.—I am not going to use polite language. What "disgusts" you makes me feel sick.

Old age pensioners, in hospital for treatment, have hitherto been allowed to keep half-a-crown a week from their pension to buy tobacco and other small comforts.

Now, in several Durham towns, this allowance is to be stopped and the old folk treated as paupers.

This contemptible meanness is typical of the new economy mania that is convulsing officialdom. And typical of much that almost makes me ashamed of being British!—JOHN BULL.

Lord DE LA WARR,

President, Board of Education

MY LORD.—It may appear an excellent scheme for schools to sell toothpaste at a halfpenny and tooth-brushes for 1½d. Encourage the young to practise hygiene—that I can understand.

But is it not grossly unfair that local shopkeepers, whose rates help to support the schools, should be hit by such competition?—JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. J. SMITH,

Newcastle Dispensary

DEAR DOCTOR.—Britain is more prosperous now than ever before in her rich history. Yet still there

is poverty as dreadful as that which blackened the Dark Ages.

You reveal that on one bitter morning none of the women attending your clinic had had enough to eat. In two cases there was not a crust of bread in the house.

And your chairman, stating that most of the illnesses you treat are due to insufficient food, reports that the patients are chiefly the wives and children of men in work whose wages are very small.

Tragic that a great land should be both so rich and so poor!—JOHN BULL.

Mt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE,

Home Secretary

DEAR SIR SAMUEL.—According to Tory M.P.s, you are a sloppy idealist and several other kinds of fool. But to me, and to every social worker who has investigated the subject, you are wise to try to abolish flogging.

The tearing of human flesh with the lash satisfies not justice but sadism. It does not reform the criminal nor deter his followers. It is as revolting and useless as the burning of heretics or the maiming of thieves, and should be made equally obsolete.

Once it was abolished in England—and crime did not increase. It was restored only because a madman tried to assault Queen Victoria.

So ignore the epithets hurled at you by M.P.s who should have lived in the blood-stained past. See that the lash is laid down for ever.—JOHN BULL.

Stanley Bishop, our famous crime reporter, tells you here about the clever crooks who are making fortunes out of—

NINE million people are potential victims of a new kind of crook—the radio rogue. One in every four throughout England can provide him with easy money.

And until his enemies—the wireless fan and the manufacturer—break down the vast ramp that easy money will flow into his pocket.

Valve trafficking has sprung up all over Britain. With the nine million radio licence holders to fleece the crook is finding it pays to organise.

In the wireless industry 80 per cent. of the production of valves goes each year into new sets.

The rest is absorbed by replacement sales to the public through retailers.

Now there is an arrangement allowing wireless-set makers to buy the valves they need at a special low price.

The same quality valves are sold to the public at a much higher and rigidly fixed price.

Makers purchase in large quantities. Frequently a manufacturer will call for half a million valves at a time. That is why the price to him is lower, and exactly the same kind of thing is done in most other industries.

But here the radio crook steps in. In the price differences lie his profit.

He opens up a derelict workshop. His name-plate announces to the world that he is a radio-set manufacturer.

Yet he never goes to the trouble of making sets. All he does is to buy thousands of valves at the low trade price—and sell them retail.

Often he has a chain of shops to ensure a steady sale.

YOU and I—as members of the public—get no advantage from the trade price. The crooked maintenance man sees to that.

It is just a barefaced “cut up” between the bogus set manufacturer and the seller.

NOT CONTENT WITH THIS EASY MONEY MANY ROGUES ARE DEALING IN STOLEN VALVES.

A few days ago police searched a wireless shop in London looking for stolen property.

They found several thousands of

When the first faint noises came through the early earphones—that was the day when the crooks decided that here was a grand new chance of easy money.



RADIO RACKETS



Stanley Bishop

new valves, packed and marked as if ready for issue to set manufacturers. The shopkeeper could not have obtained them lawfully.

He was a valve racketeer “milking” both the manufacturers and the public.

RECENTLY at the Old Bailey two men were found guilty of conspiracy to defraud. Both were dealing in valves obtained under the manufacturing price rate.

In a town twenty miles to the north of London three radio engineers sit night after night making secret tests.

They are trying to trap the most ingenious of radio crooks.

I shall not tell you where the engineers work; nor how far they have been successful. But I can tell you that they are hoping to outwit thieves who steal wireless power.

Fantastic? Impossible? No, it has been done.

By using a comparatively simple device people living near any wireless transmitting station can capture the electrical energy emitted and reconvert it into power for lighting their houses or working the electric iron.

The first and only proved case of the kind occurred in Germany.

Near Hamburg electricity bills among a colony of market gardeners suddenly dropped to nothing. The supply company was curious; especially when it was

found that the gardeners still had well-lighted homes.

An amateur scientist was responsible. He managed to light an electric torch by captured wireless. He experimented and progressed to lighting three room-lamps. It was too good to keep to himself and he passed on his knowledge to the neighbours.

After a time engineers at the local radio transmitting station became worried. They could not account for a mysterious loss of power.

By the time the leakage had been traced and the ringleaders prosecuted and fined, it was estimated that about £6,250 worth of power had been stolen “out of the blue.”

It happened in Germany, why not England? You see the reason for those three engineers?

In comparison with the ether snatchers the scores of wireless salesmen living on long firm frauds are particularly unattractive. Of 40,000 dealers in sets and maintenance in this country, only 13,000 occupy shop premises. The others work from private addresses or one-room offices.

NO WONDER “JOHN BULL” IS CONSTANTLY RECEIVING COMPLAINTS OF FIRMS OBTAINING HEAVY STOCKS ON CREDIT, CARRYING ON BUSINESS FOR A FEW MONTHS AND THEN DISAPPEARING.

One notorious company—its subscribed capital was £4—robbed its creditors of £50,000.

A favourite trick of these bogus dealers is to take money from customers as first payment against the delivery of sets, and then fail to deliver.

FOR a change they push bargain price sets made up of old and practically worthless parts.

It is a wicked swindling business in which poor people are the principal sufferers.

For a year at least a man using the name of King has been carrying on this scurvy trading in and around London. Numerous complaints have been made about him.

King, thirty-five, of good appearance and persuasive manner, tours the country in a Vauxhall car, and makes house-to-house calls to badger people into buying his bargain sets.

He gets customers to sign a hire-purchase agreement, takes a deposit, and promises the set will be despatched the next day. It never arrives.

King defrauds right and left, for on the hire-purchase agreement he obtains the sets from manufacturers. He just forgets to hand them over.

Another of the same stamp is a man with many aliases, who keeps on the run from one address to another.

This rogue advertises wireless apparatus at attractive prices—goods to be delivered on receipt of a first deposit, one-tenth of the total cost.

It is money for nothing, for he never fulfils his side of the contract.

BEWARE, too, the B.B.C. or Post Office wireless inspector.

A nicely spoken young man may turn up one day and say that there have been complaints of wireless interference in the district, and he would like to make an inspection.

Please can he see your wireless set? If there is any difficulty he will produce a card which looks official.

It is a fraud. The B.B.C. and the Post Office do not send out inspectors in that way. The man who poses as an “inspector” will pick up any valuables he can and make off.

There are three of these fake inspectors working in London and the Midlands.

The worst is “Henry Barnes” (he has eight other names) and according to detectives he makes about £20 a week by his petty pilfering.

One other swindle—the agencies which pretend to secure broadcasting engagements, and set out to train would-be broadcasters. Birmingham and the Midlands are their hunting-grounds.

Not a single one of them has any authority. They are just fee-snatchers.

That is the radio rogues’ gallery. Week by week some of its inmates are traced, but only if the public is constantly on the watch can the racket be crushed.

GUESS HOW I KEEP
MY SCHOOLGIRL
COMPLEXION!

Olive oil feeds her skin, cleanses it thoroughly, but never harshly. And the rich olive oil lather of Palmolive nurses her complexion to loveliness from babyhood upwards. Then, her skin was smooth and faultless; now it's young and supple, a Schoolgirl Complexion, kept lovely by Palmolive.



when Gibbs came down in price!



There's no brilliance like the brilliance of clean, unscratched enamel—Gibbs-cleaned enamel! And, when you smile into your mirror you'll know that, behind your radiant smile, is breath as fresh and sweet as a sea breeze. For Gibbs healthful, fragrant, antiseptic foam kills germs, dislodges food particles, neutralises acids, tones the gums. You could not have a better dentifrice if you were a millionaire—change to Gibbs, at its new price, today!

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs SOLID DENTIFRICE
Now reduced to **6d** U.K. only

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.1.



**AFRAID
of
YOURSELF?**

WORRY... WORRY... WORRY...
nerves frayed to breaking point... you're ready to S-C-R-E-E-M...! What makes you worry—are you literally afraid of yourself? Psychologists now claim that they can cure worry. In a fascinating article "Armchair Science" reveals the secrets of the source of all worries—the subconscious mind. You mustn't miss this intensely interesting number, which includes: *Beating the Bomber*; *Adrology—Science of Quackery*; *The Confidence Drug*, etc.—100 pages, 25 articles and features, 59 photographs, diagrams and drawings. "Armchair Science" explains, in everyday language, all the wonders of the world of science. Get your copy to-day!

**ARMCHAIR
SCIENCE—6d**

**CROSSWORD No. 147
TERMS AND CONDITIONS**

ON pages 36 and 37 is presented the 147th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.
Accuracy and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor C. R. M. Dand, M.A., D.L.S., Editor of *The Times*; and Mr. Stephen Potter, Lecturer in English, London University.
Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who has solved the Puzzle in the shortest time and has the fewest errors. The name of the winner will be published in the next issue of JOHN BULL. And this set of Answers to the Clues provided.
At any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy. These competitors whose words of equal merit are submitted will be regarded as having tied and winning Puzzle Square will be indicated when results are published on Thursday, April 13, 1939.
In JOHN BULL's free weekly Crossword Competition, runners which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL's free weekly Crossword Competition, which is published by the Editor of JOHN BULL, 20, Bedford Square, W.C.2.
A complimentary copy of which is obtainable by sending postcard to "Gibbs" Dept., 20, Bedford Square, W.C.2.
The Second Prize will be awarded in the event of a tie for the appropriate cash prize and one other prize will be awarded more than one cash prize and one other prize will be awarded to one entrant in any one contest.
Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants in this Crossword Competition.

Here is the secret of the man who makes horses win—and is causing the century's

GREATEST RACING SENSATION!

THE biggest crisis in Turf history is about to stagger the racing world. Flat-racing began this week, and from the start the ten million people in Britain who bet on horses will be amazed as unknowns beat odds-on favourites and walk off with important races.

Modern science has stepped in. Gland treatment has already swept away the form-book, and the future of racing is in doubt. And with it the great bloodstock industry.

It all began in a veterinary biologist's laboratory in Birmingham when Captain William Fisher, M.C., late of the Indian Army, started his experiments.

Quietly and patiently he works at his home, Brick Bains Lodge, Malvern Wells. In his own stables and training grounds he puts theories to the test. A Home Office licence allows him to use dangerous bacteria.

From the middle of the last Flat season and throughout the jumping season, that virtually ends with this week's Grand National, I have seen the results of Captain Fisher's work.

HORSES THAT HAD BEEN THE LAUGHING-STOCK OF THEIR STABLES HAVE WON WITH RIDICULOUS EASE. EXPERTS WERE FLABBERGASTED; BIG BACKERS WERE IN DESPAIR.

But that is only a glimpse of what is to come.

Plans have been made for a host of hitherto bad or broken-down thoroughbreds to be sent out to win all kinds of races.

Unfortunately, as things are, the public will have no advance knowledge of most of the betting coups brought off.

Favourites and form horses will be beaten not by fluke or fraudulent practice. They will be trounced decisively on merits—outclassed by horses which have been physically re-created and given brand-new stamina.

In every case the races will have been won by gland treatment. Captain Fisher, legitimately and honestly, will have overturned the book of form.

Among spectators lately the ugly word "dope" has been frequently heard when a "gland" horse has won. Under the Rules of Racing any person must be "warned off" who administers drugs or stimulants internally to a horse for the purpose of affecting its speed.

But dope, in the ordinary sense, was never used.

Bluntly I asked a number of trainers to explain the sudden and astonishing improvement in the strength and speed of their horses.

They smiled blankly—and said nothing. All except one. He told me that his horse had been given "some medicine as an experiment by a fellow named Fisher."

You see how unobtrusively the scientist was working? But it did not take long to appreciate his marvellous achievements.

I have studied the records of at least fifty horses which were almost worthless before treatment.

Between them they have won about 200 races, tens of thousands of pounds in prize money, and an incalculable amount in bets.

For, once treated, the horses seem capable of winning again and again.

And now let us look at the man who can change scraggy creatures into prize-winners. Let us meet "the fellow called

Fisher," who can take a horse worth a pound or two and send its value soaring to the £1,000 mark long before it has ever seen a racecourse!

Captain Fisher is a distinguished soldier as well as a clever veterinary biologist.

For sixteen years, from a laboratory in Birmingham, he has carried on scientific investigation, with a Government permit, into the prevalence of tuberculosis among cattle, sheep and pigs.

Everything has been done at his own expense. His research has cost him tens of thousands of pounds.

HIS EXPERIMENTS HAVE BEEN ALMOST WHOLLY WITH THE EIGHT ENDOCRINE GLANDS WHICH BOTH HUMAN AND ANIMAL BODIES POSSESS.

Glandular treatment for the physical development of human beings is now common medical practice.

Its effects are to be seen in the spectacular improvement of the players in two First Division football teams, Wolverhampton and Portsmouth, which have reached the semi-final round of the English Cup to be decided this week.

But in men the results are only temporary. Injections of hormones have to be repeated if maximum power is to be maintained.

CAPTAIN FISHER discovered that in animals, at least, a single treatment for six or eight weeks would not only revitalise and rejuvenate them permanently, but that their physical condition would grow better and better, especially if they were severely exercised or worked.

He thought that his life-work was ended when he had successfully completed sixteen years of testing gland secretions for the cure of animal dis-



Captain Fisher

By a "John Bull" Investigator

eases and had presented the results to the Ministry of Agriculture.

But his wife, who had assisted in the experiments, urged him to exploit other fields. Best of them, he realised, would be horse-racing.

Twenty-five prominent trainers received invitations to submit their horses for treatment. All apparently regarded him as a crank or a crook. Not one replied.

Then Captain Fisher called on Mr. Ben Roberts, the Cheltenham trainer, whose name and high reputation are household words in racing.

AT Roberts' stables Fisher saw a horse which was practically a skeleton.

It was lying forlornly with its muzzle to the ground. Trainer Roberts told him that it had not eaten for two weeks and was to be destroyed in a few hours.

The horse was Antigua—a name now known to every backer in the country.

Captain Fisher gave the wasted, dying horse an injection. Within a week it was feeding heartily. In three weeks it was cantering with fine bloom in its coat. In a month it was stretching out vigorously in hard exercise.

Ben Roberts, against his will, was persuaded to enter the animal for a race at Ludlow two weeks ahead. He laughed at the idea of a horse which had been condemned to death having any chance.

Nevertheless, Antigua went to Ludlow. Roberts refused to back it. His wife, for sentiment, put 2s on it for a place only. Captain Fisher looked on.

The brave new animal, scarcely bigger than a pony, lay handy with the leaders for the greater part of the race. Then it came out to win as it pleased, beat-

ing heavily backed form horses point-
less.

Antigua has often won since.

Captain Fisher did not stop there. For a song he bought a horse named Harlequin, with a shocking racing history. It was a weakling of the worst type before gland treatment was administered.

Harlequin was sent to race at the next Ludlow meeting in a hurdle event. It jumped every obstacle at twice the necessary height and yet won in a canter.

A week later, the horse, so despised in the past, ran at Pershore. All the way it led Lady McAlpine's Geller, a raging favourite, which had never been beaten. Harlequin won in a trot.

NOT long afterwards Harlequin went to Sandown Park and competed in a much more important race. It came home alone on a tight rein. Many times the horse has won since, defying penalties and handicapping.

TRAINERS—IN SOME CASES MEN WITH RICH OWNER-PATRONS—BEGAN TO ASK ABOUT FISHER'S MIRACLES.

Horses which had been marked down to be cast off, horses known as "screws" and "bags of bones," were given to him for further experiment. In 93 per cent. of the cases the animals not only won easily after treatment, but went on to win race after race.

Some substantial betting triumphs were secretly achieved.

If Captain Fisher had betted on the horses with which he has experimented, he would be a very wealthy man to-day. He could have paralysed the betting market. But he does not bet.

Here is an astounding fact. Evidence which Captain Fisher, who has just applied for a trainer's licence, has proved to me from his case books shows that, unknown to the public, he has in the past three racing seasons prepared more winners by gland treatment than have been turned out in the ordinary way by the six most successful trainers in the country put together.

In one day eight previously useless horses ran in different races after treatment. Seven of them won. The eighth was beaten by a short head after stumbling.

OF course, this amazing development in racing must be dealt with quickly by the authorities. Captain Fisher knows that the advance of scientific gland therapy cannot be resisted and that it cannot be regarded as a doping process. So he invites the Jockey Club to investigate the whole position.

Obviously, the Jockey Club cannot stop the permanent revitalisation of race-horses, because the process improves their stud and commercial values as well as raising the level of bloodstock.

But the public, on whom racing depends for its support and existence, must no longer be kept in ignorance of the names of "doctored" horses.

This scientific marvel cannot be reserved for great secret gambling exploits by a few people.

new armchair control!



One man's meat is another man's poison

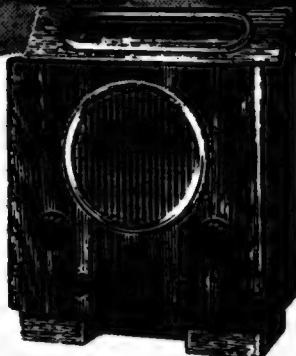
IT is just as well that we are not all made the same way. Your likes and dislikes are probably very different from mine, and mine again are pretty certain to be different from the next man's. With this in mind, we at Murphy Radio, have for a good many months been planning our new 1939 sets. Although we say it as shouldn't, we have produced some really worth-while advances—and the foremost of them is our new Armchair Control.

Now, I think you know by now that we don't go in for gadgets for the sake of attracting attention. We include only those improvements that we believe are going to be of permanent value to you. So we have concentrated on the three things that really matter:

1. Improving reproduction.
2. Making the sets even more reliable.
3. Making the sets still easier to tune.

Everybody wants a set with good reproduction that will last them well, but everybody does not want the same kind of easy tuning. So we are giving you a choice. Most of the 1939 Murphy sets have a new and very much improved alphabetical tuning scale, and also press-button tuning or Armchair Control, the last two of which you can buy if you want to as optional extras. If you sit next to your radio set, of course, you won't want to buy an Armchair Control, but if you like being a bit lazy when you have finished your day's work (and who doesn't?) and your set happens to be over in the corner of the room you will find this new Armchair Control not only novel and exciting, but extremely useful. Even if you don't want to take advantage of this new development now, you might decide to do so later on, and if you buy a new Murphy set you can always have it added whenever you like.

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director.



A.72 ALL-WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL.—This highly sensitive receiver costs no more to run than an ordinary electric lamp. New ABC scale, cathode ray indicator and 2-speed control make tuning very simple. Quality of reproduction is really exciting. Variable selectivity enables you to enjoy high fidelity tone. Cabinet in polished walnut. The A.C. model can be fitted with either the Press Button or Armchair Control unit and the D.C. model with the Press Button unit only.

D.C./A.C. MODEL CASH PRICE £12. 15
A.C. MODEL CASH PRICE £12. 10

There is an auto-radiogram version of the above A.C. model available.
CASH PRICE £32

B.71 ALL-WAVE BATTERY TABLE MODEL.—Mains set performance for battery users is provided by this outstanding receiver. Two-speed control and ABC scale make tuning easy. High quality of reproduction with low battery consumption. Continuously variable tone control is provided and the cabinet is similar to that of the A.72 model shown above. The Press Button unit can be fitted as an optional extra.
CASH PRICE without batteries £11. 10

PRESS BUTTON UNIT £1. 15 EXTRA. ARMCHAIR CONTROL £3. 10 EXTRA
HIRE PURCHASE TERMS AVAILABLE ON EVERY MURPHY MODEL

MURPHY

Radio

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CHOOSE YOUR OWN WAY OF TUNING ON MURPHY RADIO

C.N.C. 32

'Plus' dog waits for traffic lights

—happy example of
doggy intelligence



Miss Fisher of Clapham,
with Nellie, her 9-year old
Pomeranian.



SHE LIKES HER
BOB MARTIN'S
STRAIGHT OUT
OF THE PACKET



NELLIE LIVES IN LONDON and is a typical 'plus' dog—healthy, intelligent, obedient. She's full of energy and high spirits and always ready for whatever's doing. She looks like a real aristocrat in that lovely silky coat of hers with her fine Pomeranian tail carried gracefully over her back. Miss Fisher, who has owned her since puppyhood, says "I take Nellie everywhere, on buses and trams, shopping and walking in the thickest traffic but never on the lead. She knows the crossings and she's as safe as a policeman in traffic. And thanks to regular Bob Martin's she's never had a day's illness."

MAKE YOUR DOG A 'PLUS' DOG TOO

Town dogs need special care in winter. Lack of exercise and richer, greasier winter food charge a dog's blood with impurities; but Bob Martin's Condition Powders help to maintain a pure blood supply, put a bloom on his coat and a pleased-to-see-you-look in his eye! So start now—one Bob Martin's once a day—and your dog will be a good companion, a bundle of mischief and a ray of sunlight all in one! Walkies? You bet—he's a 'plus' dog!

WHY PURE BLOOD IS IMPORTANT IN WINTER
During February and March the resistance of every dog to disease is unusually low, following on months of bad weather, lack of sunshine, changes of temperature, and restricted exercise. Resistance to infection depends on the white corpuscles (leucocytes) in the blood, and only when the bloodstream is pure can these white corpuscles exert their maximum activity, with the resultant benefit to the health of the dog.

By giving your dog one Bob Martin's Condition Powder every day you will provide the vital elements necessary for the maintenance of pure blood. Every organ of the body will do its work, and you will have given your dog or puppy a new fitness. From all dog-food shops and chemists, 6d. and 1/-.

Bob Martin's

is the rule to-day
to keep dogs fit
the 'plus' dog way



'HELL HOLES'

THESE pictures are not pretty. They are not meant to be. They are meant to stir your conscience. They give you a glimpse of Britain's blackest shame—the slums.

Slums are in the news again. An official committee declares that appalling housing conditions are causing tuberculosis to ravage Wales.

It speaks of hovels worse than anything to be found in the native quarter of Shanghai. It speaks of "hell-holes."

But such disease dens exist not only in Wales but in every great city in Britain. Yes—and in rural districts, too.

In Glasgow, 35,000 families live in one-roomed "homes." Nothing unusual for babies to be taken to hospital with rat bites.

Middlesbrough is Britain's blackest spot for child deaths. The reason? Slums!

Even in London, there are houses where people live six to a room and infants have to be hoisted up to the ceiling in a basket to save them from the rats.

As for dampness—that stealthy ally of the White Plague—nearly every medical officer in the country can point to hovels with mouldering walls and rotting floors.

Despite all that has been done to raze the worst of our housing disgraces, nearly a million men, women and children are living in slums to-day.

Year after year, medical officers, in their reports, bitterly deplore this scandal.

Week after week, local councils shelve fresh complaints. And the slums go on.

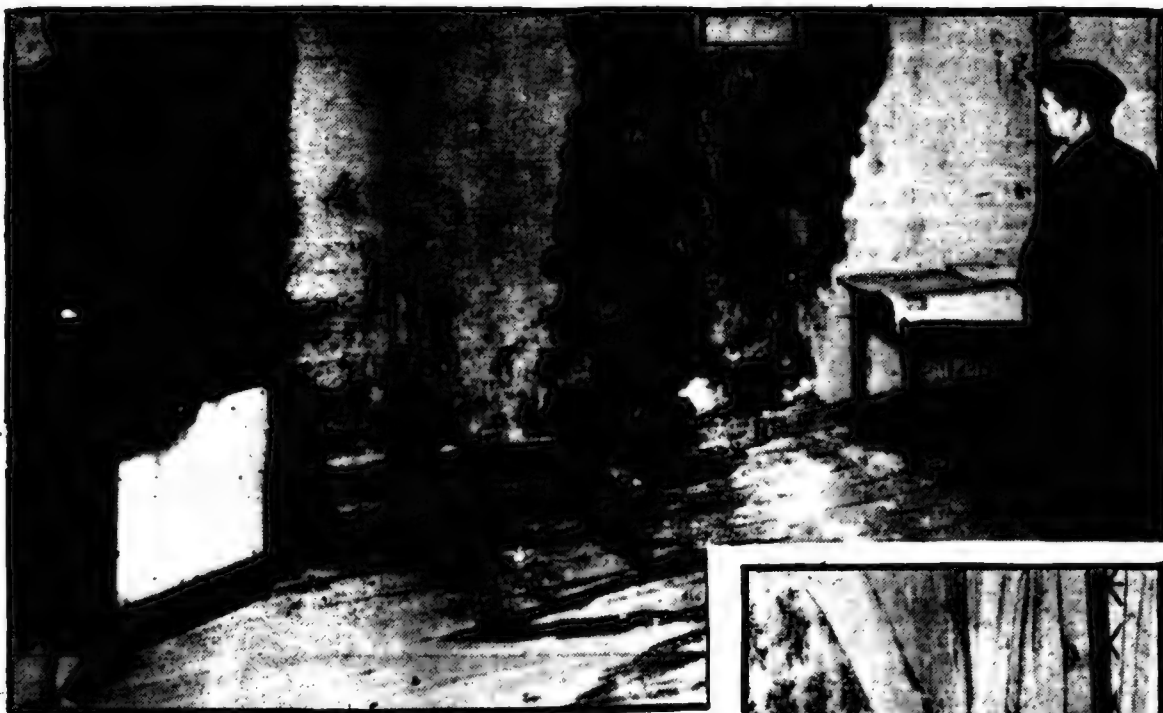
So we stand behind those M.P.s who are determined to get the Welsh tuberculosis report debated in Parliament.

We urge them to raise afresh the whole subject of Britain's hovels. We urge them not to be lulled by the soothing syrup of Ministers, but to insist on a vast new housing plan that will bring hope to millions and lay the spectre of the White Plague.

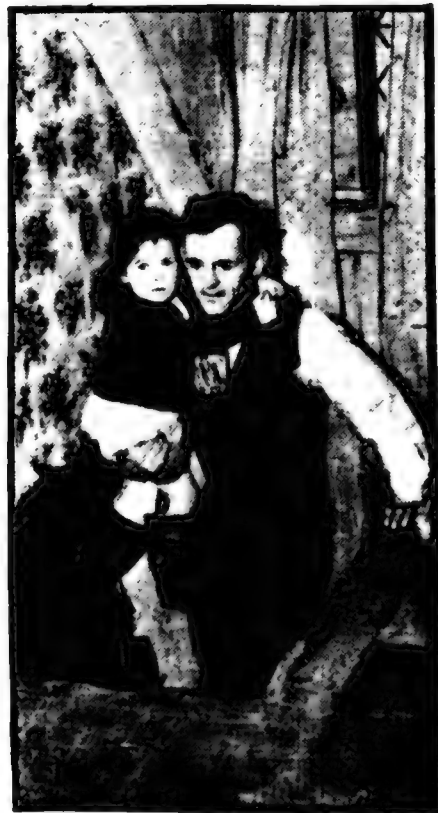
LANCASHIRE.
—Water runs through the roof, down the walls. One might as well live in a ditch...



MIDLANDS.—Squalid dwellings, dank and overcrowded, relics of the days when workers were regarded as less important than the beasts of the field.



LONDON.—Two rooms for three grown-ups and four children. Not very good rooms, either.



ESSEX.—Two tiny bedrooms under a leaking roof are used by ten people. The only "door" to those rooms is a hole in the ground-floor ceiling.

trip to the New York World, mentioning John Bull, to Charles
13/Q). 2, Dean Street, London W1.

EVERY INCH A QUEEN !

WHenever a young man or woman seeks my advice, I always say, "All you can do is your job."

There is in the whole of Great Britain no person who does a job more thoroughly than that extraordinary woman Queen Mary does hers.

Although she will be seventy-two years of age in a few weeks' time she is more energetic and persistent than ever in carrying on her duties.

When Queen Victoria was widowed she retired to Windsor Castle for years, making the Throne unpopular, saving the money which was intended for Court display.

Queen Mary, on the other hand, has never allowed her private sorrows to interfere with that rigid course of conduct which she and George V laid down for themselves when Edward VII died.

She Rode On

Even during the days of the Abdication crisis she went out as usual. On her way to the Crystal Palace, the ruins of which she visited directly after the fire, she saw everywhere posters reminding her of the tragedy which had befallen her Palace home.

She merely rode on. Socialists can pay to Queen Mary the same tribute that is paid by everyone else. They know, as few do, of her tact and understanding.

When the first Labour Government came into office in 1924 a new problem faced the Court. Many of the new Cabinet Ministers' wives were working women, unused to palaces. Yet they had to be received just like the aristocrats and the highly educated women who had preceded them. A mistake might have jeopardised much.

The Queen invited the new Ministers' wives to tea at Buckingham Palace, and, in a moment, set them at their ease.

What might have become almost a constitutional crisis was averted.

Mrs. Clynes and the others, to this day, talk with admiration of a woman who understood.

Wife and Mother

After all, they were nearly all mothers, and they were all wives. It was as a wife and mother that Queen Mary talked to them.

The present generation does not realise what King George V and Queen Mary had to face in their early days of monarchy.

The new King had been regarded as a weakling. Of the new Queen, the lie had spread that she had been married

to the heir to the throne merely because his elder brother had died.

Edward VII, for all his faults, was very popular with the people. "The new King," everybody said, "is lacking in personality."

Well, from the hour of his accession, George V and his Consort determined that they were going to do their duty.

They were rigid and resolute. They kept every appointment to the minute. They never missed an engagement.

They started to tour the country. They made themselves as much acquainted as they could with every phase of British life. They met the workers. They went into their homes.

Gradually, they wore down all the criticism.

So, when George V died, he was, as you all know, the most beloved King England had ever known.

Now, largely, this was due to Queen Mary. She had, and has, an intelligence far beyond that of most women.

She has always kept herself acquainted with the latest books. She is an expert on antiques and all sorts of things.

"Don't agree with me because I am the Queen," she has often said. "I am right as a woman."

You may remember the sneers about Queen Mary's hats. The truth is that, being a wise woman, she had little regard for the fluctuations of Fashion. She wears things that please her, clothes that suit her.

To-day, late in her life, she is as wise and alert as ever. Most women in her position would have retired when widowed into a quiet retreat, attended to gardening and flowers, and kept a few dogs.

Job Done

But in the early days of George VI's reign she realised the difficulties. Her eldest son, the most popular man in the world, had given up his throne.

A new King, less vital in personality, more reserved and with an embarrassing hesitancy of speech, had succeeded him.

That was the time for Queen Mary to do her job.

She went with the new King and Queen everywhere, in the early days. Literally, she presented them to the people.

Then, realising how popular they were becoming, she gracefully retired into the background, and said, "I've done my job. Now I'm going to enjoy myself."

So she does. She dines quietly with her friends. She spends week-ends with them.

And she has so much indulged her love for the theatre that, recently, she went



She faced slanders in her young days, made a new King popular in her widowhood—Queen Mary, depicted here by George Whitelaw

**HANNEN
SWAFFER'S
WHO'S
WHO**

to see no fewer than ten plays in three weeks!

King George V did not like the theatre much, unless it were a naval play. Indeed, when he went to see "The Blue Peter," he complained, "Why, it's about a public-house! I thought it was about a ship."

When Queen Mary goes to the theatre she does not merely sit there smiling at what she thinks is the right place. She really enjoys it.

She rocks with laughter when she is amused. She cries like a girl in the gallery when she is moved.

Her taste is liberal. She went to see "Geneva," Shaw's satire; "The Mother," Karel Capek's experiment in the supernatural; and thrillers like "Number Six," "Gaslight" and "They Walk Alone."

She went to see Ibsen's classic, "A Doll's House," in its new form a few weeks back.

And not only the West End attracts her. She went to see a repertory company at the King's Theatre, Hammer-smith.

On nearly every occasion she sends for the principal actors and actresses and thanks them for their performances.

They don't cut out the risky words for her. They act it all.

When she likes a show, she sends the rest of her family to see it.

But it isn't only the theatre that Queen Mary visits. Bazaars, exhibitions, welfare work, cottage flats, the Zoo and the cinema—she takes them all in, one after the other.

And everywhere they cheer her.

If you would judge the measure of Queen Mary's popularity with the people you have only to watch the news-reel. The moment she arrives at any function which has been photographed for the screen

there is an outburst of applause.

You hear it in the West End. You hear it in the smallest cinema in the drabest of towns.

People may be cynical to-day about marriage. They may gibe sometimes at what is called "respectability."

The truth is that they envy it. And Queen Mary has always been a model wife, a model mother, and a model woman. That is why she has everyone's respect.

I am not a Royalist. Theoretically, I am a Republican, although I recognise the Crown as the head of a democratic constitution. But I do respect people who, whatever their station, high or low, pursue the path laid out for them in life.

I don't know exactly what a Queen is supposed to look like, but anyway Queen Mary looks like one.

"When the old girl comes in," said a theatre manager to me not long ago, "and you bow—well, you're bowing to real majesty."

If you remember, when Queen Victoria heard someone in the crowd shout, "Good luck, old girl," at her Diamond Jubilee, she regarded it as one of the greatest compliments of her life.

Last Chance !

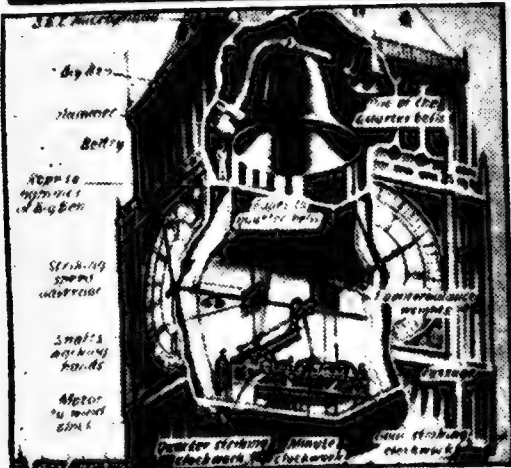
The great practical inventions of the modern world have almost all helped to speed up life—in travelling, communications, even entertainment.

"How It Works and How It's Done," JOHN BULL's grand new book presentation, reveals, for the first time, the inner secrets of the mechanical marvels which you use.

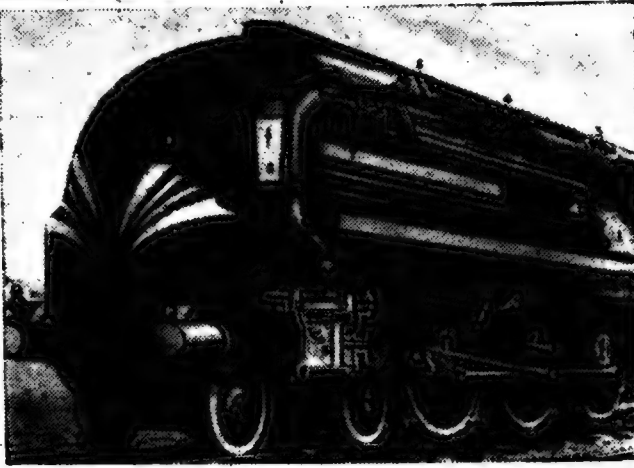
Now you can SEE how they work in more than 70 splendid illustrations. "How It Works and How It's Done" will enable you to use the benefits of science to better advantage. It will give you a guinea's worth of entertainment and instruction for only 3s. 9d. Carriage Free.

But you must hurry for your copy. The last reservation forms are published on page 18 of this issue and all applications must be received by March 30.

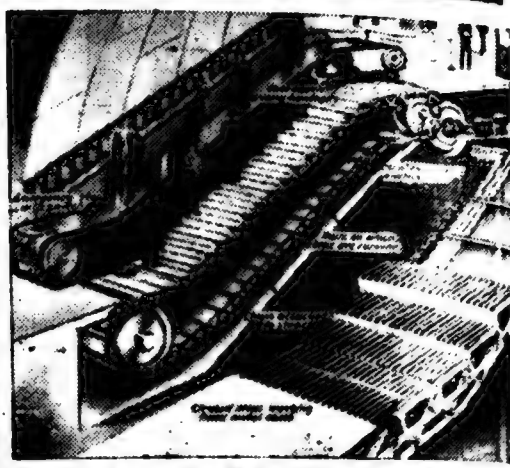
LOOK AT THESE PICTURES



SEE HOW BIG BEN WORKS
Come inside the World's most famous Clock—see all its wonderful machinery—see exactly how it works.



SEE HOW A TRAIN WORKS
See inside one of the world's latest and fastest locomotives—the "Coronation"—see all its wonderful machinery—see exactly how it works.



SEE HOW ESCALATORS WORK
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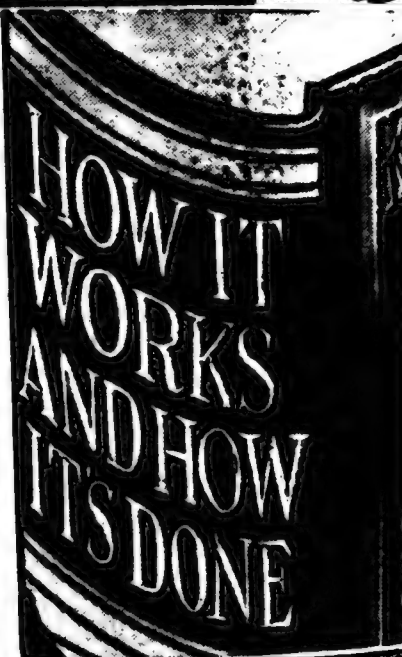
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WHAT NEXT?

Hitler's march into Czecho-Slovakia has left everyone wondering. We asked A. G. Gardiner, wisest of commentators on world affairs, to answer that question. He sees the Fuehrer only on the threshold of his adventures. There can be no peace for Europe, he declares, till the democracies answer the challenge.

HITLER has wiped Czecho-Slovakia off the map and we are back to the position in the dark days of the September crisis. What is to be the next blow in his programme for the conquest of Europe?

This is not a question that permits of a confident answer, for Hitler makes his plans in secret, keeps his own counsel and strikes at the hour and the place known only to himself.

But by this time we have had such experience of his technique and of the vast scope of his designs that it is possible at least to guess at the shocks that lie ahead.

Even the most gullible section of our Press and politicians is now awake to the terrific menace that overshadows the world.

The brutal trampling on Czecho-Slovakia has at least done that.

By this act, says the *Daily Telegraph*, Germany is "guilty of the most flagrant and impudent act of unprovoked aggression which has been witnessed in Europe in modern times."

Even the *Times* is shaken out of its placid faith in the benign motives of the dictator, and has uttered a note of pained indignation.

There is still more pain, I fear, in store for that estimable journal, for Hitler is only on the threshold of his adventures.

The scale of those adventures has expanded with the discovery of the feebleness and credulity of the democratic Powers in face of the naked gangsterism of the dictators.

Greatest of These

THROUGHOUT the Great War, Mr. P. Lettice, of Edinburgh, fought for his country. For years now he has struggled hard to provide for his wife and four children.

Last Christmas he got a temporary job, but his joy was short-lived. There was an accident, and his knee was badly hurt. He had an operation and is now in Edinburgh Royal Hospital.

His employers are allowing the family £1 per week. Together with 13s. from the Public Assistance Committee and unemployment benefit for his daughter of eighteen, this is the whole income.

Mrs. Lettice, whose son George is pictured here, is terribly worried over the rent she owes and has appealed to the doctor, who has known the family since 1922, thoroughly recommends them for any relief we can give.

Can you assist? Subscriptions should be earmarked George and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments will be sent where names and addresses are given.

List of donations are kept at the John Bull office, and a copy of the current week's list will be sent on application. A Treasury note from M.E.N. is gratefully acknowledged.



George

The Prague crowd watches sadly as the German conquerors march in



A. G. Gardiner's Prophecies

THAT FEEBLENESS AND CREDULITY HAVE ENCOURAGED HITLER AND MUSSOLINI TO BELIEVE THAT DEMOCRACY IS DEAD AND DAMNED, AND THAT ITS PEOPLE ARE DECADENT AND DEBAUCHED WITH LUXURY AND SOFT LIVING.

In that conviction Hitler, aided by his Italian jackal, has reversed the verdict of the war in which ten million men were slain and Germany was brought to her knees, and has made himself not merely the dictator of Germany, but the dictator of Europe.

He has torn the Peace Treaty to tatters, wrecked the League of Nations, made his country into an arsenal that affrights the world, swept Austria into his net, obliterated the last bulwark of liberty in Central Europe.

He has captured the great Skoda works for his future uses, helped Mussolini to convert Spain into a menace to the Mediterranean, surrounded France with potential enemies on three fronts, and hemmed in the democratic Powers to the seaboard of the English Channel and the North Sea.

IT IS AN ASTOUNDING ACHIEVEMENT FOR WHICH THERE IS NO PARALLEL IN HISTORY. NAPOLEON, AT THE MAXIMUM OF HIS POWER, EXERCISED NO SUCH DOMINION.

AND it has been won without firing a shot (if we exclude the Spanish episode) and without a challenge from the two great nations which have been guardians of human liberty for centuries.

It has been won by menace, fear and cunning.

And now, in the blinding light of the Czecho-Slovakian crime, the world asks: What next?

In attempting to answer this we must keep in mind Hitler's supreme aim. It is an aim that suggests the madhouse, but it is held with the passion and intensity of the madhouse.

It is world dominance by the Germanic race.

He has brought into the sphere of politics the crazy idea, first formulated

by Gobineau and developed by Houston Chamberlain, that the Germans are the super-race, destined to rule the world.

To this he adds the equally insane idea of Nietzsche of the super-man, the "blonde-beast" who, ruthless and merciless, reigns like a pagan god over the dumb-driven herd of men.

He is, he believes, the super-man of a super-race.

That conviction gives the clue to all his actions.

FROM this comes his hideous persecution of the Jews, his hatred of organised religion in any form which interferes with his racial insanity and the venom with which he pursues anyone, like Dollfuss, Schuschnigg, Benes, Niemöller, who, either in politics or religion, dares to challenge his divine authority.

He is a mental case, with, as often occurs in mental cases, a certain daemonic power of will and action.

In pursuit of this crazy notion that the Germans are the elect of the earth, he has organised the Germans everywhere, in America no less than in Europe, to be a race apart dedicated to the ultimate dominion of their blood wherever they may be.

The smaller Continental countries swarm with his agents and spies.

Many pass themselves off as journalists, and Copenhagen has recently burned out a nest of them in that city.

Sweden is in the same case.

So is Switzerland.

Not long ago a group of these Nazi agents, posing as newspaper men, were sent back to Germany from London as the result of the discovery of their political activities.

New York has just had an astonishing demonstration of this world-wide scheme for creating the German hegemony in foreign countries.

I have before me an astonishing book published in America and containing the incredible commandments which all the Germans are called upon to obey there in the name of their deity and law-giver, Adolf Hitler.

Keeping this ultimate goal of world domination in mind, in what direction is Hitler's next blow likely to fall?

Where will he turn his ear to catch the bitter cry of those of the sacred German blood who are being ground under the heel of inferior races?

The oilfields of Rumania and the wheat lands of the Ukraine call him eastward; but in recent months there have been grave fears in Holland and in the Scandinavian countries that their time is approaching.

These countries swarm with Hitler's creatures, and their value as a jumping-off ground for the North Sea is obvious.

But it is probable that he will delay that part of his programme until he is in a stronger position at sea to deal with British power.

Much, no doubt, depends on whether he is going to give full backing to Mussolini's demands on France.

Those demands have been held up because Hitler is too busy with his own projects to be anxious to pull Mussolini's chestnuts out of the fire for him.

But Mussolini is getting impatient, and though Hitler has a contempt for the Italians, who are not precisely Nordic, he knows that they have a nuisance value and he may find it necessary to let Mussolini have his turn.

IN that case Holland might well engage his attention as a means of diverting British sea power from the Mediterranean while Mussolini is making war on France.

WHATEVER THE MISCHIEF THAT IS BREWING, WE MAY BE CERTAIN OF ONE THING. THERE WILL BE NO SECURE PEACE IN EUROPE OR IN THE WORLD WHILE THE DICTATORSHIPS SURVIVE, JUST AS THERE WILL BE NO FREEDOM LEFT IN THE WORLD IF THEY DO SURVIVE.

That being so, the one urgent task of the democratic countries is to consolidate their position, and pour all their energies and resources into making themselves invulnerable to attack should attack come. Let us have an end of talk of "appeasement." You cannot appease a boa constrictor. You can only destroy him. And whatever the cost he must be destroyed.



METROPOLIS-

The London County Council, which governs your capital, and sets a standard for local government throughout the country, is celebrating its Jubilee. Fifty years' progress is here described by the Council's leader—

The Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison, M.P.



NO dictatorship in the world is doing better work for its people than is the London County Council for the people of London.

The Council is efficient and upright. Jobbery cannot live at County Hall. We get things done. We are showing that democracy will work—and other local bodies throughout the country are following our lead.

London's democratic government is just fifty years old, for it was on March 21, 1889, that the first meeting of the Council was held.

This Jubilee is, then, an appropriate time to survey the work done—and the work still to be done.

I have no personal memory of London fifty years ago, for, like the Local Government Act, I was born in 1888.

Primitive

But I have heard about it and I do not hesitate to say that something little short of a revolution has been achieved in the social condition of the people during those fifty years.

There was no municipal housing in those days; there was little or no sanitary inspection with a view to remedying housing defects.

Slums were regarded, not as a social evil that outraged the conscience of the nation, but as places in which it was natural for the poor to live.

For then the poor were regarded as something less than human beings and it was commonly held that they were largely responsible for the horrible condition of the houses in which they lived.

The comfortable comforted themselves by saying, "Well, those people would make a slum of any house."

Public health services had developed to a point, but they were a primitive affair compared with to-day's provisions.

There was no maternity and child welfare service, no public organisation to fight tuberculosis. In fact, the whole thing was rudimentary.

London's face has changed since the County Council's first meeting just 50 years ago. Scores of new buildings like this have appeared, and all the time County Hall sees that the public services keep their place in the march towards a better life

And, again, there was a largely prevalent philosophy that if the poor died quickly, or were often ill, it was because they did not know how to look after themselves.

Homeless poor were one of the most famous features of London life. The spectacle of a mother clasping a child in a shawl, crawling over Waterloo Bridge, the crouching figures under railway arches—these were institutions.

Nobody thought that anything much could be done about it, and these unfortunates were regarded as a 100 per cent. wicked lot, anyway.

Victims of unemployment, of bad luck, of sweating, received short shrift from the Poor Law when they applied for relief.

The common policy of the Boards of Guardians was to order them into the "house," and if they entered, to subject them to a harsh discipline that would encourage them to get out as quickly as possible.

FOR IN THOSE DAYS POVERTY WAS NOT A MISFORTUNE, IT WAS NOT A SOCIAL PROBLEM—IT WAS A CRIME.

School Mobs

The Poor Law infirmaries were badly run, they were part of the Poor Law system. The atmosphere of pauperism and the harshness associated with them were predominant features.

Not until later years did the reputation of some of the Poor Law infirmaries become reasonably good, though even then they were a long way from what was to be desired.

London's children, children of round

about my generation, were all too often weak and sickly; they organised street mobs and school mobs for the conduct of juvenile civil war.

Their education was relatively primitive and they had no school medical and feeding services, for those services did not then exist.

The streets were often dirty and greasy and badly lighted. The roadways badly maintained.

Refuse collection and disposal, still imperfect, was then the reverse of perfect.

Town-planning did not exist, for in those days it was assumed to be anti-social to prevent property owners doing precisely what they liked with their own.

So I could go on describing an age which was somewhat improved as compared with fifty years before, but which was hopeless compared with the present state of London's municipal services.

Fifty years from now, further progress will be made.

Consider the municipal services to-day provided by the London County Council and the Metropolitan Boroughs.

School life has made enormous strides forward. So has the quality of the teachers.

Tolerance and psychological insight have taken the place of the stick.

Justified

Children who were in many cases but partially civilised, are better behaved, the dull, evasive eyes have become bright and honest in most cases. The children are healthier, more alert.

The L.C.C. Education Department has photographs showing classes at given elementary schools thirty years ago and now. And the change in the children is a complete justification of the substantial sums of money which have been spent.

Moreover, the Council is now fairly rapidly improving the school buildings; old, out-of-date schools are being pulled down and new sunshine schools erected; others are being remodelled or reconditioned. School medical and feeding services are extensive.

Now a school is a place where children like to go, whereas large numbers of them in earlier years hated school and tried hard to "hop the wag."

THE RELATIONSHIP OF THE TEACHER TO THE CHILD TO-DAY IS THAT OF THE ELDER BROTHER OR SISTER.

In the Council's cottage estates and the central London estates of municipal flats there is a complete contrast to the old slums, even to respectable working-class houses, and also to those "model"

tenement dwellings which were crowded and depressing.

Air, light and space are outstanding characteristics of modern L.C.C. housing. We have set our hands to the task of providing every Londoner with decent accommodation. So far as we are concerned we shall not stop until the task is completed.

Municipal hospitals that were taken over by County Hall only in 1930 have already earned for themselves a high reputation for their kindly atmosphere, complete absence of the Poor Law taint, medical skill and modern equipment.

All classes are using L.C.C. hospitals; a steady stream of letters come to County Hall from patients singing their praises.

Aid for Poor

The old Poor Law remains almost what it has been for centuries, but despite this the Council has achieved vast changes in the spirit and nature of its administration as public assistance authority.

Every effort is made to understand the problems of the poor, to help them to stand on their feet.

While fraud and deceit are sternly dealt with, our unfortunate fellow-citizens are no longer treated as criminals, but given a helping hand on the way.

Old general mixed workhouses—the workhouses of Dickens—are being done away with and replaced by special provision for the aged, for the young, for the children and nursing mothers, and for middle-aged women.

The L.C.C. Public Assistance Department has been taught to regard itself as a modern municipal social service and not as an old-style Poor Law administration.

There need now be no homeless wanderers in London streets, for the Council is in a position to provide for each a clean bed and decent accommodation.

Chain of Lidos

Nor is there any need for the blind to beg in the streets, for, unlike the old days, the Council makes provision for them all.

The parks are more human, the Green Belt grows under our eyes, a chain of lidos is springing up.

And so I ask you to join me in celebrating the Jubilee of London's democratic government.

I ask you, too, to remember that our satisfaction can be shared all over Britain. For London's achievements belong to the country. And its lead can be quickly followed in every district where local governors strive for the ideals of freedom and the better life.

● **Mrs. Cecil Chesterton**, famous social reformer, sees grave danger in the Criminal Justice Bill. For the country's youth is being overlooked. Unless there are drastic amendments, she declares, the old saying will have to be changed to—

IN the general enthusiasm for the new Criminal Justice Bill which seeks to abolish flogging—except for prison outbreaks—there is a danger that large sections of youth have been overlooked. A wonderful chance to safeguard the rights of children may be missed.

Gone are the days when a lad of fifteen could be sent to jail for using a swing for fourteen-year-olds in the park and not being able to pay the 10s. fine. That happened only two years ago.

But instead a similar young lawbreaker may—if the Bill is not amended—receive an indeterminate sentence that will deprive him of all social contacts.

According to statistics, there is a steady increase in the number of boys and girls found guilty of indictable crimes. The latest report of the Commissioners of Prisons cites homelessness as one of the main causes for the rise.

Every year thousands of boys and girls from the depressed areas trek to London to look for work.

No Leisure

The absence of parental control, the loss of family contacts, send them homeless and friendless into the streets, where, apart from more serious offences, they may be charged with skylarking, loitering, sleeping out, or cheeking the police.

Brought before a stipendiary court, they may be placed on probation or sentenced to a Home Office School—the new name for an old reformatory.

But with this new Bill in place of a fine or a short term of imprisonment, etc., the boy or girl before the court may be sentenced to attend at a Juvenile Compulsory Attendance Centre “at times when they would otherwise be at leisure, during a half-holiday, or in the evening after work.”

Boys and girls between the ages of twelve and seventeen, under this clause, may be deprived of all recreation.

They are to go straight from school when they have finished lessons, and if they are employed they must give up their off-time and resign themselves to correctional treatment.

The period of compulsory attendance is not specified, and one may suppose that if a juvenile proves recalcitrant under the deprivation of all amusement he or she may be sent to a penal institution.

It must be borne in mind that many of the offences for which young people are charged cannot in any way be regarded as criminal.

Social Stigma

Careless is the harshest term one could apply to the use of a wrong “swing,” and, remembering the thousands of young hikers of the middle and professional classes who without interference enjoy a night under God’s sky, it is difficult to regard the “sleeping out” of the poorer classes as an indictable offence.

The small unfortunates compelled to go to the Compulsory Attendance Centres will inevitably suffer from a social stigma.

Their schoolfellows or workmates will look down on them. The record will persist in their home town, and should they migrate to other centres enquiry will inevitably disclose the damning fact.

Also, the lack of leisure and recreation must have a repercussion on their health.

A child of twelve who has worked through the average school day will be

"BOYS WILL BE...FELONS"

in no condition to endure further instruction or harangues.

This is not all. The Home Office envisages an even more drastic interference with the liberty of the individual.

Harsh

I quote from the Bill:

“For young offenders between sixteen and twenty-one who, in the opinion of the Court, do not require Borstal training, but ought to be sent away for a time from their homes, or from the places where they have fallen into bad habits or associations, it is proposed to try a system of residential control in institutions called ‘Howard Houses.’

“Persons sent to such institutions will be under disciplinary conditions outside their working hours, but during the working hours of the day will go out to ordinary employment.”

It is, I feel, an unnecessary affront to the Howard League, which has done so much to ameliorate the worst conditions of prison life, and has worked so long and so unflinchingly for the juvenile delinquent, that these institutions should be known by their name.

If this become law, Howard Houses will be synonymous with all that is harsh in the treatment of the young offender, and, in place of the admiration the name now enjoys, it will incur a curious obloquy.

Here again the sentence is indeterminate. The offender condemned not for a criminal act, but for bad habits, will not know for how long he or she has to remain.

Is it likely that such a system can in any sense correct or help its victims?

Of what avail to work hard in shop or factory, knowing that the hour of dismissal will send you back to “residential control,” with its inevitably mechanised regimentation, its total absence of anything remotely like a home.

Sponsors of the Bill are confident that it will be easy to obtain employment for residential controllees.

A childish prank... will he be kept in by the State as punishment?



Those who know anything of social and industrial conditions will realise that decent employers will fight shy of “Young Howards,” almost of necessity.

The rest of the staff will resent working with them, and gradually, but inevitably, they will be forced out of the labour market.

Many an employer will offer a chance even to an ex-jailbird, providing the negotiations are confidential and that only he knows the truth. Once blazon the fact that a would-be employee hails from a correctional institution and the chances of a job disappear.

Howard Houses will inevitably become a residuum for sweated labour. Only the worst employers will take on the inmates.

It is provided that the young people shall themselves pay for their incarceration. If, however, as I anticipate, they cannot find work, the additional expense of upkeep will fall on the rates.

The establishment charges of the Juvenile Compulsory Attendance Centres, the Howard Houses, is estimated at round about £800,000, with maintenance of £150,000 per annum.

It should be realised that this vast amount does not include special or vocational training, but will merely foot the bill for the cost of “disciplinary measures,” with the establishment of additional remand homes.

Chance Missed

A great opportunity has been missed by the social experts who were entrusted with the drafting of the proposed new measure.

The time is ripe for trimming the powers of lay magistrates who can order little children to be removed from their homes and parents’ care for long detention in Home Office institutions.

The liberty of a boy or girl is as precious—and should be as jealously guarded—as that of grown-ups.

What can be sadder than the number of children who are put away for years

by lay Benches—when their only crime is no more than childish mischief?

The authors of the new Bill would have won public acclaim if they had made it impossible for any child to be torn from its family except after enquiry by, and on the order of, a stipendiary magistrate or Assize Court Judge.

To a large extent still recruited from the landowning, the military and wealthy mercantile classes, too many J.P.s know nothing of the poor, and, as we see from continual Press reports, generally lean to the side of conviction.

Meanwhile, the Probation system under the London Police Court Mission is to lose its independent existence.

Lack of Means

If the Criminal Justice Bill in its entirety becomes law, this voluntary association, which since 1870 has fought to keep the offender out of prison, will be swept aside.

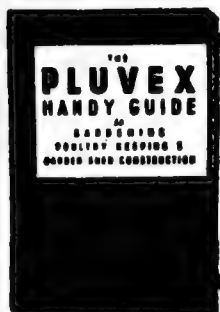
Lack of means prevented the Mission from appointing probation officers throughout the provinces, and juvenile convictions have consequently increased. It is, however, proposed to earmark large amounts not so much for the extension of probationary work as for the establishment of correctional centres.

That there are fine things and human things in the Criminal Justice Bill, I admit.

They, however, relate to adults only. It is in its attempt to control youth that the Home Office has overlooked the fundamental principle which divides the potential from the actual offender.

Howard Houses will be the factory for turning the one into the other.

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MR. MONEY'S Burglary

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This story was specially written for John Bull by the man I regard as the English O. Henry—

WILL SCOTT

NEAR the end of his tether, if ever a man was, Mr. Money remembered the prints by Hosigi as, sometimes, we remember the first time we stayed away from school, or how, at four, we went to our first party.

Those two prints were not as far away as Mr. Money's first party, but they were far away, for all that.

Far away in more than one respect, too; for Mr. Money could not remember if he had sold them, lost them, given them away, or thrown them away. They were nothing to look at, and, indeed, he had never really looked at them.

He had bought them with other junk for, perhaps, a shilling the lot, and would gladly have taken two shillings the pair—or eighteenpence, if anybody had offered it—at any time in the last twelve years.

And now someone had started this craze in Hosigis, and those two prints were worth a couple of hundred pounds if they were worth a penny.

And he was broke. . . .

If only he could put his hand on those two prints. But that was the trouble at Mr. Money's. You couldn't put your hand on anything. Piles of this and piles of that, stacks of this and stacks of the other thing; not only in the window and in the shop, but in the two rooms behind the shop and the loft above.

YOU never knew which way to turn. Even the ceiling was covered with hooks, and things hung from every hook.

Hopeless. . . . He opened a drawer or two and closed them, opened a cupboard or two and shut them with a slam. Without the slightest enthusiasm he turned a pile of things over, stopped and sighed. What was the use?

He might search for a fortnight and then suddenly remember that he had sold them or given them away. A waste of time. It must be ten or eleven years since he saw them last.

Two hundred pounds if they were worth a penny. And what he could do with two hundred pounds! Two hundred farthings would come in useful at the moment. They would buy a pint and a very good supper and leave a bit over for to-morrow.

To-morrow . . . when the man who had waited seven months for his rent was coming round to be Really Nasty.

With a lot of luck, with a great deal of luck indeed, Mr. Money gave himself a fortnight before he reached the workhouse.

All the same, they'd have some fun when it came to selling him up. The very thought made Mr. Money smile, bad as things were.

It said over Mr. Money's window: **W. W. MONEY GENUINE ANTIQUES**. And it was the "genuine" bit that made Mr. Money smile in the midst of his worries.

WHY, even Napoleon's clock on the shelf there wasn't worth thirty bob, and everybody seemed to know it. In fact, he had given up calling it Napoleon's clock, except to himself. Everybody knew it wasn't.

That was the trouble with the business these days: everybody knew too much.

Twenty years ago he could have sold a clock of Napoleon's every day. He'd done it, twenty years ago. But you couldn't pull their legs like that to-day.

A fine-looking clock it was, massive and imposing. Gilt, not gold—but it looked gold. Still, there you were: nobody wanted it.

Clocks . . . a Napoleon's clock . . . any old clock . . . the gold clock in the house at Merridrew Square.

Funny how your thoughts flew about. Like butterflies in a cabbage patch on a summer's day. You never knew which cabbage they were going to settle on next.

How did he get here?

Thinking he was broke and two weeks from the workhouse. Remembering the Hosigi prints and wondering what he'd done with them. Remembering that it was hopeless trying to look for them in the middle of all this junk, even if he hadn't lost them years ago.

All this junk. "Genuine antiques." Nothing in the place worth thirty bob. Even Napoleon's clock. Napoleon's clock. Clocks. Gilt. Gold. The gold clock in Merridrew Square.

Funny how your thoughts flew about. If he hadn't thought of the Hosigi prints ten minutes ago he wouldn't be settled on this cabbage now.

Very peculiar. The gold clock in the house in Merridrew Square. . . .

It was a thousand wonders they'd never had the thing pinched, sticking it there for everybody to stare at as they went by. It was asking for it. Real gold, that clock was.

PINCHED. . . . Funny how your thoughts flew about.

In the right quarter, if you knew how to go about it, you could get fifty pounds for that clock easily, and no questions asked.

Fifty pounds. . . . Not that Mr. Money was that kind of man. At least—

He went on thinking. If you'd ever asked him, he'd have told you he was an honest man and flushed indignantly at the question. But now, broke to the wide and seven months behind with the rent, he asked himself the question. And gave himself the answer.

All those Napoleon's clocks of twenty years ago. Clocks that Napoleon had never seen, that had never been nearer to France than Birmingham until he had bought them.

Business he had called it at the time. You've got to live. It cut both ways. He'd probably sold those Hosigis ten years ago for five bob.

Now the boom was on, would the purchaser come back and offer him another fifty pounds? Not likely. It was all in the game. You took your chance, same as the next man.

All in the game . . . fifty pounds . . .

pinched . . . the gold clock at Merridrew Square. . . .

Honest? Well, honest or not, where was he now? The end of everything to-morrow and the workhouse in a fortnight. Where had anything got him?

It was past dusk, and you could only see by the light of the street lamp over the way. No use switching on the light. That had been cut off for three weeks.

So Mr. Money locked up the shop and went away. Perhaps, as he reminded himself, for the last time. Perhaps? Not much perhaps about it.

Anyway, he couldn't stop at home to-night.

Merridrew Square was far across the town. Mr. Money knew it, but it did not know Mr. Money. It wouldn't even look at men like Mr. Money. Merridrew Square was genuine antique.

Yes, there was the window, all lit up. There was the gold clock on the mantelshelf. There was the french window, open as it so often was; the gate, the short lawn.

THE curtains were drawn to-night, so that you could only just see a bit of the gold clock. If you didn't know, as Mr. Money knew, that it was a gold clock, you couldn't tell, with the curtains drawn as they were. But Mr. Money knew.

Empty and still was Merridrew Square. Not a soul, not a sound. Not much, even, in the way of a light. It was, as you might have said, a gift.

Through the gate and over the short lawn went Mr. Money, up to the open window. He listened. He peeped.

The room was empty. Empty of people, anyway.

Selling Napoleon's clocks gave you, perhaps, a certain technique. You knew that the way to get it in this life was to go and get it and not hang about.

Breaking into a house when the house was dark and shut up was rather like trying to sell a Napoleon's clock on the quiet. It asked for investigation, some-how. Up and doing, as if it didn't matter; that was the way. Particularly when the workhouse was a fortnight off.

"Oh, well," said Mr. Money. "here goes and be damned to it."

Through the french windows he went and into the room that was empty of people, making no bones about it. Forty-five seconds and it would be all over.

Round the big table to the fireplace went Mr. Money. Up to the mantelshelf. He took the gold clock off the mantelshelf. And turned.

And saw the door open. And the man with the glasses come in.

"No, no, no," said the man with the glasses. "You're wasting your time. To say nothing of mine."



The door opened and the man with the glasses came in

Mr. Money wanted to be sick. He wanted, more than anything in the wide world, his time over again, as so many of us go often do. Bankruptcy... the workhouse... where were their terrors now? Prison!

"There'll be nothing there," said the man with the glasses, peering through the glasses at the wall above the mantelpiece.

"Pardon?" said Mr. Money.

The man with the glasses peered up at the ceiling.

"Might be there," he said.

Mr. Money, too, peered up at the ceiling, clutching the gold clock in his arms. Things seemed so silly. He wondered if he'd gone mad.

"I don't know why they sent you in here," said the man with the glasses. "I always said it wasn't in here."

"Oh?" said Mr. Money.

(Or was it the man with the glasses who was mad?)

"Give me the clock," said the man with the glasses. "We shall be having that broken next."

Mr. Money handed the clock to the man with the glasses and the man with the glasses put it back on the mantelpiece.

"Damn nonsense!" the man said unexpectedly.

Mr. Money waited.

"Come with me," said the man with the glasses. "It seems to me that the only way to do a thing is to do it yourself."

He led the way, and Mr. Money followed, out into the hall. A panelled hall it was, with the panels reaching nearly to the ceiling.

"Now," said the man with the glasses. "This is where it is. Why didn't they tell you? Not that you ought to need telling. Sniff!"

MR. MONEY sniffed. There was the most dreadful smell of gas.

"This is where it is," said the man with the glasses.

Mr. Money nodded. He had to agree. It was what the man with the glasses meant, this, undoubtedly, was where it was.

"Behind these panels, isn't it?" said the man with the glasses, tapping the wall.

And Mr. Money, with another nod, agreed again.

"Well, what do you propose to do?"

asked the man with the glasses. "The panel will have to come down, won't it?"

"Looks like it," said Mr. Money.

"And you spend your time fiddling with the clock in the next room! Well, all right," said the man with the glasses. "Down with the panel, then. Let's get on with it. Where are your tools?"

"I'm afraid I haven't got the tools for that," said Mr. Money. "Not here."

"Well, go and get 'em!" said the man with the glasses. "Unless you'd rather stand here all night till we all blow up."

"Yes," said Mr. Money.

"Yes, what?" said the man with the glasses.

"I'll go and get the tools," said Mr. Money.

"I know damned well you will!" said the man with the glasses. He sighed at the ceiling. "What is the world coming to?"

"Yes," said Mr. Money.

And away, to get the tools, he went.

Through the front door, down the steps, along the short path, out through the gate. As he went out through the gate another man came in. A man who looked as if he'd come to see about a leak.

Across Merridrew Square and across the town went Mr. Money. Quickly.

What an escape!

Prison! So close, you could almost put out your hand and touch the bars. Mr. Money wanted to run. But that was just asking people to look at you. As quickly as he could, without running, Mr. Money hurried far from Merridrew Square and the gold clock he had known for so long.

What an escape!

THE door of his little shop wouldn't open. Well, not easily. He pushed and pushed. Something was jammed behind it. He pushed again and squeezed round. The something behind the door was a showcase, overturned. He stepped over it.

The dim light of the street lamp over the way shone on things that gave him a shock. A draught from a broken window at the back gave him another shock.

He reached for the light switch and, when nothing happened, he remembered that the light had been cut off these three weeks.

He struck a match.

It was a deplorable sight. Things thrown everywhere, overturned, smashed, littered and crowded the floor. And from its shelf the Napoleon's clock had gone.

"Well, I'm damned!" said Mr. Money.

Burglars!

Drawers and cupboards had been opened and their contents strewn everywhere. Mr. Money strode through the wreckage.

Burglars!

He struck another match. He stared. He gaped. He stooped and picked up something from the litter. Two things. Nothing to look at, if you didn't know. And if you were a burglar with a taste for Napoleon's clocks, most likely you wouldn't.

Two prints by Hosigi.

"Well—well, I'm damned," said Mr. Money.

And burned his fingers as the match went out.

Never Mind the Weather!

ALL the year round, British weather is the most fickle in the world. According to carefully kept statistics, however, it is in the six weeks that lie immediately ahead that it is usually in the most changeable mood.

One day there may be sunshine; the next after that, torrential rain and flood. We shrug our shoulders and smile. . . . But not always. Recently a Welsh housewife found that the weather could bring tragedy as well as jokes.

When she locked her house to go out for a few hours the sun was shining. Even there came bursts of heavy rain, then almost tropical downpour.

When she returned home it was to find the flood-water had invaded her downstairs room and ruined some of her most cherished possessions.

Fortunately for her, however, she had qualified for the protection of JOHN BULL'S unique free family insurance gift by the mere act of signing a coupon. And we banished her worries with a substantial and welcome cheque.

What if flood invades your home? Have you protected yourself under our free-of-all-cost scheme?

All we want is your signature on a coupon now. And the coupon is waiting for you on page 38.

BUSINESS WAS BAD—YET HE GOT ORDERS!



He looked smart in his "C.M." Weathercoat. He knew it. It gave him confidence—made him persuasive and successful. You, too, can have this aid to personality.

Get real smartness at the minimum cost by deciding on a genuine "C.M."

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Raincoats - - - from 21/-

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At the first sign of infection take 2 Tablets of Phensic and you will have the benefit of the four finest specific known to medical science for the treatment of feverish conditions, nerve pains, colds, chills, influenza and rheumatism. Get Phensic NOW. Find swift recovery! 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

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Pronounced "PEN-ZIK" Brand

Quickest and Safest for COLDS and INFLUENZA

● Just a figure of fun when she first appeared, now an invaluable guardian of the public—

P.C. Mary Jane Makes Good!

JUST twenty years ago stage comics discovered a new butt, die-hards a new grievance.

The subject was Britain's first policewoman, stepping out smartly on to the streets of London.

People of both sexes wondered why women couldn't be content to remain women, asked what earthly use women police could be.

Twenty years ago—and now let these two recent pictures supply the answer:

Number One is set in what seasoned detectives call the Worst Club in London—a drab, smoky, ill-lit den frequented by the dregs of a dozen nationalities.

There came an imperious knock on the door of that club recently. The door was opened to disclose a woman of about thirty, fresh-faced, clear-eyed, confident.

A POLICEWOMAN—although there was nothing about her appearance to betray the fact.

She wanted to speak to the pale, wispy girl sitting by the piano.

Within ten seconds she was sitting by that girl's side, and to this very hour the frequenters of the club can't imagine by what admixture of firmness, friendliness and fluency she got there unhindered and unopposed.

Many men in that club knew what was happening. Similar things happen so often in London.

This child—and her youth still shone through the sallowness of her skin—had run away from Cardiff in search of so-called life, had been posted as one of Britain's thousands of missing women.

Here, among undesirable men who were exploiting her good looks while they lasted, the policewoman had found her and was battling as no man could to get her to go home of her own free will.

Victory came at last—but only because of the feminine masterstroke of getting the gaudy, wilted woman pianist to tell her own story of what such glamour amounted to and to what ends it led.

London's 110 policewomen track down more than a thousand glamour-seeking girls in twelve months and teach them to find real glamour at home.

There is no policewoman at all in Picture Number Two. Yet it illustrates just as well the necessity for women police.

The setting is a woman's ward in a big provincial hospital.

In one of the beds a woman lay unconscious, a woman whose lips might shed some word of importance to the police, if a moment of consciousness ever came.

For that reason a police official had to watch and wait.

And do you know who did wait in that roomful of sick women, through-

out three days and nights? A man. A policeman.

Twenty years after the first policewoman stepped on to the streets of London, and when her value has been proved to the hilt in countless ways, men must do such jobs as this—because some city force "doesn't believe in women police."

Then men must question little girls who are the victims of sex offences. They try to distinguish between the cry of pain and cry of temper of a child, although it is the experience of the London police training college that women are better able to do that.

BECAUSE they are men a wily woman can play on their feelings, can cheat them. But the cleverest female crook can't do that with intelligent, well-trained officers of her own sex.

No, there's nothing funny about our women police. Not even the clothes.

What footwear except heavy boots or



shoes, what other uniform would you suggest for women who have to patrol seven and a half hours a day—snow, gale, rain or fine?

Those big hip-pockets—well, where would you have a policewoman keep her notebook, her warrant-card and other essential articles that must be produced instantly, sometimes in a surging crowd?

Nearly three years ago, when London's women police numbered 87, it was decided to increase the force to 110. Although more than 2,000 women have been interviewed in the meantime, the strength is still only 110.

One woman applicant in a hundred was found to have the tact, standard of education, good physique, health and good appearance essential.

One provincial policewoman is a Master of Arts. Several in London have University degrees.

One is an iron magnate's daughter. Many come from vicarages and country houses. Teachers, hospital nurses, shop girls and factory girls are included.

There is certainly nothing funny about their work.

Normally it lies among women and children, and they are not expected to investigate murders, hunt burglars, round-up drunks.

But they must be prepared for those things if duty calls.

One policewoman in the Paddington district, for instance, has a great reputation for handling drunks. Although trained in jiu-jitsu, like all her colleagues, she can get a lion of a man along using nothing but tact.

IN London several do nothing but plain-clothes work. They form a little feminine C.I.D.

It is when a case concerning women or children assumes seriously criminal proportions that the woman detective's work begins—and she usually does the job well.

Forty-four different police forces are employing policewomen—and finding them indispensable.

What a pity it is that many scores of forces will not give them a chance.

Do you know how many women officers there are in the whole of Britain?

The Home Office told us 206—and admitted that this figure was two years old. Our own information is that it is round about 300.

Think of Britain's 25,000,000 women and children. Our thousands of missing women. Our ill-treated babies. The suspect women, many of whom will later be found innocent, who must be taken from one police area to another.

Then ask yourself: "Is 300 enough?"

Design for Living

When I was a lad I clearly saw
That there was money to be made
from Law,
But when to the Bar I was duly
called,
In quite a lot of other jobs was
I installed;
From the Imports Duties Advisory
Committee they have whisked me
to the B.B.C.
There isn't a doubt that I made
good
As head of the Council in control
of food,
And, without immodesty I may
record,
Did very well as clerk to the
Asylums Board—
Acquiring such an insight into
lun-a-cy
That they've made of me the
Chairman of the B.B.C.

SO far as can be ascertained, Sir Allan Powell, the newly appointed B.B.C. chairman, has not yet conducted the manoeuvres of the Channel Fleet, trained a Derby winner or discovered a cure for bunions—but give him time!

After all, he has had a pretty crowded life, having been a barrister-at-law, resident officer at a refugees' camp, clerk to the Metropolitan Asylums Board, organiser of Public Assistance to the L.C.C., Mayor of Kensington, and other odds and ends.

Naturally, there are limits to his

NOT
FROM
THE
B.B.C.



versatility, and these he confessed to an interviewer. "I haven't had a chance to look at television yet, let alone have a set here at home," he remarked. "As for broadcasting, I'm going to say nothing about it, because I know nothing about it."

Well, well, when Sir Allan gets to Broadcasting House he'll find that he's not peculiar in this respect.

"I'm just an ordinary listener," is the new chairman's description of himself, and it must bring a thrill to thousands of ordinary listeners to think that one from their ranks has suddenly been made King of the Air, at £3,000 a year.

It takes all sorts to run the world, but when jobs at sev'ral thou. Are knocking round, then the sorts they need are not my sort somehow!

And yet there are scores of subjects I don't know a thing about,

Though willing (at sixty quid a week) to set to work finding out!

So if they want "ord'nary listeners" to manage the B.B.C., Then, s'help me bob! why not a job for an ornery bloke like me?

Y.Z.

BAND CONDUCTOR BEATS TIME WITH CHOCOLATE



*Popular young conductor of the
London Palladium Orchestra*
CLIFFORD GREENWOOD

tells how he wins his race against time

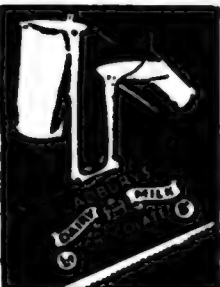
'My life is a constant race against time—a struggle to fit everything in. In the mornings there are rehearsals, radio engagements, gramophone records to be made. Matinees in the afternoon and two shows every night—and it doesn't end there! Sometimes, after the curtain falls on the finale at the Palladium there is still a 1 a.m. Empire Broadcast to be done. In between times there are dozens of fan letters to be answered every week and photographs to be autographed. Getting a haircut or visiting a tailor's is an absolute feat, and as for meals—well, I very often just CAN'T find time for them—I have a snack of some sort and consume innumerable blocks of Cadburys Milk Chocolate. I find Cadburys a meal in itself—a meal I can enjoy anywhere, any time and so get the better of my race against time.'



It's tiring work rehearsing a big orchestra, but Clifford Greenwood never loses his smile, and his beat never loses its rhythm and vigour.

**THAT'S WHEN CADBURYS
MILK CHOCOLATE FEEDS YOU
ON YOUR FEET—KEEPS YOU
UP TO YOUR JOB**

IT'S not only such busy people as Mr. Greenwood who need a great store of nervous and physical energy—we all need it to keep us feeling at our best at all times. And this is where Cadburys Milk Chocolate can be such a help. It's a concentrated energy food. Every half-pound block has a glass and a half of fresh full-cream British milk in it. That, plus the high food value of the chocolate itself, is why it gives you such a lift when you feel played out. And it's so easy to carry; a 2 oz. twopenny block slips easily into your bag or pocket. Get some Cadburys to-day.



CADBURYS MILK CHOCOLATE
... feeds you on your feet

Men do notice



Every girl dreads a shiny nose. And every man hates it. Then why not do something about it! If you use Snowfire Powder-Cream you need never have a shiny nose. This enchanting and fragrant powder-cream takes only a few seconds to put on. It cannot cake or clog the tiniest pores. And its lovely matt bloom lasts for hours and hours. In Naturelle, Peach, Rachele, Deep Rachele and Ivory shades.



DIPLOMA ^{The ENGLISH Crustless} CHEESE

£35

for LIMERICKS

A charming young lady of Kent
Bought a dinky new dress, confident
That hubby'd say "Cute"
But not he, the brute

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, Mar. 31, 1939. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

'DIPLOMA' Cheddar or Cheshire
6d. and 1/- per box.

D.419a.

1ST PRIZE
£15

SECOND **£5**
THIRD **£3**
FOURTH **£2**
TEN of **£1** each

SOME RHYMES: cent, lent, meant, rent, sent, spent, tent, vent, went, absent, anent, assent, comment, consent, content, dissent, event, extent, frequent, intent, lament, mispent, present, relent, repent, resent, argument, astonishment, compliment, different, eloquent, evident, excellent, incident, opulent, violent.

A lovely Beverage piping hot.
SUPER BETOX beats the lot!

Although purely vegetable, **SUPER BETOX** tastes like **FINEST BEEF EXTRACT**. . . Nourishing and Sustaining.
From Grocers & Chemists . . . Same Makers as PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST

6 D
LARGE JAR



Help Those Sentenced To Live in a

WORLD of SILENCE

● "Humanist" invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 ls. is paid for each letter quoted.

It is curious to notice how letters about human problems seem to come in batches.

One week there will be an unusually large number of letters about difficult children; another week about bad-tempered husbands or wives; another about interfering relatives; and another about love-tangles.

Recently I have had a great many letters from people who suffer from deafness. Not the stone-deaf, as a rule, but men and women who are hard of hearing and who realise how serious the handicap can be.

Here is an extract from one letter:—

"Since I was a child I have suffered very much from intermittent deafness. Some days I can hear fairly well, but on others I scarcely hear a sound.

"My duties take me out of doors, and I have to meet and speak to people. Some of them bawl at the top of their voices but I don't take any notice of them.

"Others put their hands round their mouths and shout, but it is not through any desire to help me, but to make themselves look important.

"The nicest people are those who, when they want to tell me something, are kind enough to write it on paper.

"I have learnt one great lesson—to suffer and be strong. The annoyances just slip off me like water off a duck's back."

This letter is different from many others because it sounds a note of independence and self-reliance. The majority of sufferers feel lonely and dispirited

They cannot follow a conversation in company, but catch only stray words and odd fragments of a sentence. They miss jokes and can't join in the laugh. They don't like to ask people to repeat their remarks for fear of being thought a nuisance.

They are conscious of being "out of it," being shut off in a world of silence or (what is even more tantalising) in a world of vague sounds.

When there are noises in the head the experience can be maddening.

Some of the victims want advice about hearing aids. Many are too poor to be able to buy apparatus, and others who can well afford it refuse because it makes them self-conscious. It is easy enough to understand that.

When a man's eyesight is weak he does not hesitate about wearing spectacles. Why, then, should a deaf man feel shy about aids to hearing? The explanation is that people are not nearly as sympathetic as they should be, and the deaf have become unduly sensitive about their affliction.

I feel like making a personal appeal. If one of your friends is suffering from partial deafness don't be impatient and don't let him feel "out of it." Take the trouble to speak clearly. There is no need to yell!

TELL him about the organisations which exist for the purpose of helping him—the British League for the Hard of Hearing, for example. (The address is 107, Upper Thames Street, London, E.C.4.)

This League has done excellent work in giving expert advice about instruments, arranging holidays, teaching lip-reading, providing hostels, and much else.

Londoners can join the Saturday afternoon outings to places of interest. Lonely people in remote places can join the Postal Club. The cost of these things is trifling.

I will quote a couple of letters from readers of JOHN BULL who took my advice to consult the League. The first writer says:—



Mrs. F. Teakle

Would you say that a polished shoe is sure to be neater than any other? Not always, thought fifty-one-year-old Mrs. F. Teakle, 9, Brookside Cottages, Woodchester, Stroud. Suede shoes, for instance. So she discarded "shoe" as answer to the Clue, "Polished one is neater," which appeared in that week's JOHN BULL Crossword. She put "show" instead, completed the puzzle... and helped herself to a £50 prize. Turn to page 36 and this week you can win £2 Weekly for Life.

Arguing Won her £50 Prize



The Lure of Lovely Lips around the Odol Smile

The thrill of soft lips, parting to the gleam of pearly teeth—without that gleam the glamour dies.

And that gleam has only a hair's breadth to protect it, less than 1/1000th of an inch of enamel to protect your teeth from decay. Is it any wonder dentists warn us against tooth-pastes whose whitening powers depend on gritty ingredients? For some tooth-pastes are like that. Slowly but surely they grind away that slender film.

Test your present tooth-paste. Put it to the Bite Test. Grind a little between your teeth. If you feel the slightest trace of grittiness—change to Odol at once. Dentists know that Odol is the quality tooth-paste, the smoothest and safest tooth-paste you can buy. Yet it makes and keeps your teeth like pearls.

Get a 6d. tube of Odol to-day or post coupon below for free sample.

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste (3 sizes): Solid Dentifrice, Tooth-powder or Denture Powder—all at 6d. And as the famous Odol Mouthwash in various sizes.



FREE SAMPLE. Post in unsalted envelope (1d. stamp) to Cranbury Ltd. (Dept. J.B.4), Norwich, for free tube of Odol. This applies to Gt. Britain and N. Ireland. BLOCK CAPITALS please!

Name
Address.....

to cause more anxiety than pleasure in the home. I imagine this father likes a child who can romp and laugh, and has no patience with one who can't.

The girl probably wants petting and comforting, and he has no time for that sort of thing. He prefers the children who will play like young puppies.

The ideal parent loves all the children equally, but few of us are ideal. We don't attempt to see things from the children's point of view.

I wonder how many readers remember a story told by the late Sir James Barrie? It is about a boy who knew he was not his mother's favourite. He was passing her bedroom door one night when she called out: "Is that you, darling?"

In a sad little voice he answered: "No, mummy, it's only me."

A story like that should make us think and feel for the neglected children in the home.

"It's only me!" Surely one of the most pathetic things a child ever said.

"Thank you ever so much for writing to me as you did and for giving me that address. I can hear much better now I have the instrument they provided. It has given me confidence, too, and that helps a lot.

"I did not expect to meet with such kindness and cannot thank you enough."

AND the other:—

"I feel I must write and let you know how I got on with regard to the Club for the Deaf. I have had a most enjoyable outing with them, meeting others who have the same difficulties as myself.

"I went to the Institute you advised, and they were most kind to me. They fitted me with an instrument entirely free. Their kindness has been overwhelming. It has given me such a lot of pleasure, especially with music.

"Everyone wants to know what has happened—I am so different. I felt I must write and thank you."

It would be easy to quote dozens of other letters in a similar strain. We all gladly do anything in our power to assist the blind, but—mainly through thoughtlessness or lack of imagination—we are not doing half enough to assist the deaf.

Miss Helen Keller, who is both deaf and blind, assures us that deafness is the greater affliction of the two.

Now for a very different problem:—

"I have been married for six years without a cross word. My husband is one of the best. He gives me every penny he earns as he knows what a struggle I have to make ends meet with three little toddlers under the age of four.

"But this is the trouble. He thinks the world of the two youngest children, but the eldest he doesn't notice at all. She is always in the wrong.

"Poor little girl! I am sure she notices it, and I try my best to make it up to her. But it would make me much happier if he would treat her like the others. It makes me worry till I feel downright ill."

I suppose a great many parents have their favourite children, but thoughtful ones take care not to let the others suspect.

FRANKLY, I could not see any reason for the man's conduct. Could it be, I wondered, that the two youngest were boys, and that the father had no time for a girl? I wrote to the mother to enquire and she told me that only one of the three was a boy.

"I can understand him making a fuss of the boy," she wrote, "but why the difference in the treatment of the two girls I am at a loss to explain. It is true the younger girl has a nicer disposition whereas the elder is on the selfish side, but being delicate from birth may account for that.

"It is a relief to write to someone who sympathises, as this is the only cloud on our married life."

Well, this is a puzzle, certainly, and I have thought about it a good deal. I think the clue to the father's behaviour lies in the neglected child's delicate health.

A delicate child is naturally troublesome, apt to whine too much, and liable



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as good as
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NAVIES SPREAD THEIR WINGS



"And aboard the finest of modern aircraft-carriers stand row on row of sleek deadly aircraft"

WHenever people tell me that the world is coming to an end because a foreign leader is going to make a speech, or that great Powers will mobilise against Britain next week (or the week after) I laugh.

For although I am an airman, I tell you the country that holds the sea holds the world.

Foreign air forces might smash our cities and whip our armies with lead from the sky, but the other man would starve, and the other man would lose, because we rule the seas.

Because we can keep the steamer-tracks clear, and stop food, oil and munitions reaching an enemy country.

* * * * *

Let us imagine that Blue-land has declared war on Red-land. We, of Red-land's air arm, hear the Morse buzzer.

We know that message—that word or two in code. No need to wait its finish; our hearts have thrummed it out in manœuvres till, if we lay newly dead, we should jump upright, and run, stiff and cold, for our machines.

Before my eyes, as I run, fastening my overalls, to the thundering seaplane that awaits me, flash the generations of naval aircraft I have loved.

The ancient bomber I used to ride, like a witch on a broomstick; the torpedo-carrier in which I turned my first hairs grey trying to "attack" a battleship which was far less dangerous to me than the two naval torpedoes tucked beneath my own wings. . . .

Thunderbolt

And now this—this tiny, quivering thing of steel and aluminium, miles faster than anything I have handled in the past.

It is able to jump to 20,000 ft. like a soaring shell, and to drop down like a thunderbolt at 400 m.p.h. straight at a battleship below.

The great ship looks like a twig on the crawling grey water—it twists like a hare with the greyhounds slaving above it, but I can break its steel turtle-back with my great bombs at point-blank range.

Bah! I'm dreaming, and the fight has not yet begun. Yet it's done so often in practice, to try out deadly new aircraft, to teach fresh-faced, grinning youngsters how to do it, that it seems simple.

Only, now, they won't be spouting blanks at us, those running pigmies on the vast steel decks!

The fleet is moving into line. With thousands of guns' snouts noising through the casemates, torpedo-fenders out, decks cleared for action, anti-aircraft pom-poms and Bren guns manned.

"IT SHALL NOT BE . . . !"

Already in this series an expert has given you his impression of a night bombing raid and of the defence 'planes' counter-attack. Now he tells of a duel at sea. Britain, he says, still rules the waves. But behind his thrilling story is the prayer that she may never have to show her might.

Iron-faced captains in some of the vessels rule the destinies of a thousand men.

And aboard the finest of modern aircraft-carriers stand row on row of sleek, deadly aircraft, any one of which could fling those thousand fighting men to oblivion in the blasting flash of a single explosion.

The carrier's funnels, masts, guns (she has some nasty ones!) and "guts" are all stuck on one side, out of our way.

She has a landing-space of over two acres that looks like a flat field when you stand on it, and like a tablecloth shaken by an angry cook when you try to come down on it in a breeze.

Far ahead of the fleet, jealously packing round the aircraft-carriers that are its eyes and its strength, planes flick like black dragon-flies about the skies.

They jump a hundred miles and screaming round in a sudden turn, drop like striking hawks.

Their job is to sweep a thousand miles of sea. No more groping over the waves while the enemy fleet slips by to bombard the home coast. The swarms of scouts have thundered up the skies. From that moment, the Admiral in his cabin can see, through a hundred goggled eyes, every movement of every enemy ship.

Orders go Out

Remorselessly the radio buzzes and crackles . . . the Admiral's neat hands move firmly over his charts . . . his flag-officers and staff wait silently. . . .

Ever and again a man with gold braid on his sleeve clicks his heels, salutes, turns away to a telephone.

"They're there. . . . Destroyers out here, deploying along this line . . . motor-torpedo craft here, aircraft-carriers there . . . better get our defence machines up."

Signals flicker-flicker through the spume that rises as a hundred, huge floating fortresses receive the Admiral's final commands and form into battle line.

Swarms of destroyers and slinking torpedo-speedboats play like swordfish round whales. Slender, murderous craft that have torpedoes aboard capable of blowing a small island sky-high.

What was that? The first of the sea raiders goes up like a black comet. And there goes another, and another, and another, so fast that the eye can hardly follow or the ear tolerate the frightful concussions of the engines.

Into the Clouds

And now ours. Tearing along the white line on the aircraft carrier's deck—rising—and up, up, up, as if the round world below had lost its kingpin and gone falling down the abyss of space till grey clouds swallowed it.

Through those clouds, icy cold, not groping as the scouts went groping, but straight as a rifle-bullet at the target's eye, higher, higher, soaring five thousand feet above the ragged dog-fight all over the skies where our fighters are grappling with the monsters the enemy fleet have put out for their defence.

Defence—the cruel joke of it! As if they could defend against these half-diver bombers of ours!

As we zoom over the top of them, we get a glimpse of gunfire and the red-spitting of cannon, of broken planes hurtling down and goggled faces with ridiculous dumb working mouths, looking upwards. . . .

And then we are over the defence ring, and down we go. The enemy fleet, with rolling black smoke-screens hanging sullen, is crawling across the wrinkled sea. Memory, uncontrollable even now, flashes out a picture of a little boy sitting in his bath and playing boats.

(Please turn to page 37)

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Still keep going when the rest have stopped

More hours of brilliant light per penny

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8 oz. plain flour 4 oz. castor sugar
4 oz. butter 2 eggs (beaten)
2 oz. sultanas ½ gill milk
1½ heaped teaspoons BORWICK'S
Mix flour and Borwick's. Cream
butter and sugar. Add gradually eggs
and milk. Add sultanas, flour, Mix
lightly. Place in a cake tin and
bake for 1 hour in moderate oven.

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contours. It satisfies the craving for sweets and at the same time ensures pleasant breath. It is a wonderful soother of nerves. It aids digestion and improves your appetite. Children love it too. A choice of two flavours, Spearmint (garden mint) and P.K. (peppermint), both delicious, refreshing and healthful.

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The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 31.

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WHY should you suffer from the burning irritation, swelling and bleeding of piles (haemorrhoids) when there's Zam-Buk? This world-famed herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions where membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use it regularly.



**SOLID
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For Inward
PILES

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

Blood Money

JOE lived at home because he had no other choice. He worked in the business and hated the "Old Man" as much as he feared him.

For Mr. Dell (as I shall call him) had already driven his wife and daughter away by his hardness and brutality. They preferred to earn their living rather than be dependent on him.

Mr. Dell was fairly prosperous—prosperous enough, at any rate, to employ a gardener—and I got the job. I expect he thought that a woman gardener would be likely to help the housekeeper and keep her content on a meagre wage.

Joe, who was nineteen, his father, the housekeeper and I were the "family," and we all had our meals together.

Although he was allowed a small car for business as he had to call on customers, Joe's salary was less than an office-boy's wage.

"Bah!" his father told him. "If I sacked you like I did that girl you were spooning with you'd only be fit for the workhouse. I only keep you out of charity."

We were at the supper table, and Joe had just found out that his father had sacked May because they had become secretly engaged. Joe turned white and could scarcely control himself.

"You get engaged!" jibed the old man. "You can't keep yourself." And he got up and strode out, pleased with his power.

● The Old Man jammed on his brakes and pulled up just behind the wreckage . . . "Listen," he said, "we have all been to the theatre, see?"

"He sacked May to spite me," Joe muttered. "But I'll be quits yet."

I did not take the love affair or the threat very seriously. At nineteen boys and girls fall in and out of love too easily. But before long I saw there was going to be trouble.

There came a Saturday when it was the housekeeper's monthly week-end off. Joe had motored off to meet his girl friend, Mr. Dell had not returned from his office, and I went into town by bus to see a film.

It was a thriller, and I forgot the time until the "second house" was nearly over. When I did look at my watch I saw I had missed the last bus home.

The house was about six miles out, standing in its own grounds in a lane some way off the main London road.

A taxi was out of the question, and though it was a beastly night, dark and drizzling, I set off to walk.

I had had just about enough when a car hooted behind me and Mr. Dell drew up. "Jump in," he ordered. I was grateful.

As we turned into the drive a few minutes later, we both noticed Joe's car standing near the gate.

The old man asked me to help him to carry a pile of ledgers and books into the house. With our arms full we walked in—and stared stupefied at what we saw.

Joe, who had not heard us, was standing before his father's safe, and a small attaché-case near him on the desk was stuffed with bank notes.

Mr. Dell gasped, half in astonishment, half in anger, and Joe saw us. He banged the top of the case down and made a mad rush to the door.

WITH our arms full of heavy books we were taken unaware and thrown off our balance. Before we could do anything he had banged the front door and was gone. A moment later we heard his car move off.

The Old Man fairly bellowed with rage and made a dash for his own car, shouting to me to get in. I obeyed.

"We'll catch the thief!" he yelled.

Our car was powerful and fast; Joe's was a light runabout. Gradually, we drew nearer and nearer as Joe made

for the London road. The Old Man was grim and silent over the steering wheel. Another half-mile and he would be able to edge the lad off the road and corner him.

What then? I was wondering when, above the engine roar there was the fearful noise of a crash, a woman's piercing scream. I saw a burst of flame, and the confused waving of a light.

THE Old Man jammed on his brakes and pulled up just behind the wreckage of his son's car. He turned to me.

"Listen," he said quietly, "we have all been to the theatre, see?"

We jumped out in time to see a lorry driver risk his life to drag May from the burning coachwork. He laid her on the grass verge and dashed back to Joe. But he was too late, Joe was dead.

They put his body beside the girl he loved. She knew nothing. Her burns were slight, but she had been knocked unconscious.

"I waved my torch," cried the lorry driver. "He never took no notice. He ran bang into me. Tain't my fault."

"Run quick," cried the Old Man, pointing. "See that phone-box. Get the police and ask for an ambulance."

I felt faint and stumbled back to the car. As I did so I tripped over the attaché-case. The Old Man saw it at the same moment, and threw it into his car.

"Remember," he said warningly, and his eyes were hard, "we were all returning from the theatre."

Very soon the road was alive with cars. The police came, and an ambulance. But May never recovered consciousness.

The lorry driver was exonerated at the inquest. His lights had failed, and he was trying to repair them. Hearing an approaching car he had gone to the rear and waved his electric torch. Joe had crashed right into the back of the lorry.

Our "story" was pat. A verdict of "Accidental death" was recorded.

The next day the Old Man called me into his office.

"Only you and I know the truth about this business, Miss Crosswell," he said. "All I have done is to shield my son's name."

"Your conscience is your own, Mr. Dell," I replied.

"He robbed me," he said sharply. After a pause he added, "I intend to sell this house at once. I will give you a first-class reference, and meantime I should like to give you a present."

Unlocking the safe he produced the attaché-case—Joe's attaché-case.

"Two hundred and ninety-three

pounds—a good bit for theatre tickets, eh? I want to give you this for what you have gone through."

I shuddered. "Thank you," I said. "I won't touch it. Give me my wages, that's all."

"What!" He stared. "You refuse? All this? Why?"

"Because, Mr. Dell," I answered, "it is blood money."

"Eh? Blood money!" He stood still a minute and then seized the notes and hurled them into the anthracite stove. "Damn it, you're right! Blood money!" he shouted.

As the flames licked the notes I turned and went away to pack. His voice followed me as he repeated the words: "Blood money . . . Joe . . . poor devil!"

Reader's Story by Miss D. Cromwell, Oakhurst Farm, Burstow, Surrey

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Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

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Constipation turns a child's body into a breeding ground for germs of colds, coughs, catarrh, bronchitis and worse chest complaints. Therefore, if your child has a stubborn cold or cough, the first step to recovery is to make sure the little bowels act properly. But never use strong purgatives, they are weakening and cause a child to catch cold. Doctors and nurses advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure laxative, therefore safe. It relieves the system of the germ breeding poisonous waste and breaks up a cold and cough when other remedies fail. A weekly dose will ward off further attacks.

Get a bottle to-day and be sure to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Children love the delicious fruity flavour.

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The Rhumuv Co., Hallam Grange, Sheffield, 10.

FOOT STRAIN

Removes the strain on foot muscles; holds bones in position; invisible. Instant relief from foot-tiredness. Obtainable from all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. 2/6 per pair

D-Scholl's ARCH BINDER

After years of misery from STOMACH TROUBLE



LIFE NOW A JOY!

The proof of

actual experience

This letter from Mr. E. H. H., of West Bromwich, tells so well of the happy change that Maclean Brand Stomach Powder brings in a stomach sufferer's life:

"For 10 years I was suffering from chronic gastric trouble," writes Mr. E. H. H. "Life was nothing but misery through pain, and fear of eating even enough to keep myself alive.

"I could not do my work and eventually lost my job. I thought myself a hopeless case. However, I decided to give Maclean Brand Stomach Powder a trial. Now I eat whatever I fancy, and have never lost a day's work since, which is over three years now.

"I spent pounds on other remedies, but my experience is that no substitute is as good, and I am very thankful to Maclean Brand Stomach Powder for being able to enjoy life after years of misery."

You can have the same quick relief

Get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day. Even the first few doses will show you that the burden of your suffering will surely disappear. Be quite certain that you get MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder, which is only genuine with the signature

Alex. C. Maclean

on bottle and carton. Sold only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, Powder or Tablets, and handy pd. tins of Tablets.

Only those who, like the writer of the letter published here, have suffered the misery of years of stomach pains can fully appreciate the joyous relief when the last trace of the trouble has been swept away. Stomach sufferers can get this relief through a simple yet effective remedy. The testimony of thousands whose stomach trouble has been banished by Maclean Brand Stomach Powder confirms the safety, gentleness, and lasting effect of this famous remedy.

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder soothes and heals your stomach in four distinct ways: it neutralises excess acid, stopping its painful attacks on the stomach lining; it spreads a protective coating on the inflamed parts, preventing the development of dangerous ulcers; it cleans the stomach and enables the body to extract from food the nourishment it needs; it cleans the intestines, preventing food waste from poisoning the system.

Why Maclean Brand Stomach Powder does its work so safely and well

The powerful alkalies in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder are so perfectly balanced that, while abnormal stomach conditions which have caused you suffering are quickly corrected, no aggravating after-effects can possibly ensue, and the entire digestive system is gently encouraged to do its work naturally and well again.



MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

Send for this

FREE CATALOGUE

of the Berkeley Superlax Easy Chair

—it adjusts itself!

THE Berkeley Superlax brings both beauty and comfort to the home every day of the year. Don't overlook the offer on page 27. The new 1939 Berkeley Superlax model illustrated can be obtained for 5/- with order and small monthly payments of only 10/-. A free illustrated catalogue of this chair and other Berkeley models, together with patterns, etc., will be sent FREE and post free on receipt of the Coupon. Send for this to-day—NOW, while you think of it!

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE

For best last line to Limerick on page 25.

Turn to this simple, amusing contest now—read the conditions carefully and send in your Entry at once! It may win you that first prize of £15!

THE GOOD NATURED LAXATIVE

LIXEN

OF ALL CHEMISTS
Elixir (Liquid) in Bottles 1/- 4/6 3/-
Lozenges in tins 7/6 6/1

Pools Parliament

BIG RISKS

for

BIG

Dividends

I'M losing. Shall I try something different? How many pools enthusiasts think on those lines!

There's the Shalford reader who has just written to me, for instance. He says:

My pools problem is one that must be shared by many punters at this time of the season, and your advice would be greatly appreciated.

I took your advice at the beginning of the season and have concentrated on one pool—the penny pool—every week.

Using a little system of my own, I have sent in twenty-four lines regularly, but nine out of twelve (on a few occasions) is the nearest I have been to a dividend.

What do you recommend? Shall I try a different system, keeping to the same pool, or would you advise me to spend my weekly two shillings on one of the other pools given on the coupon?—M. A. F., Shalford.

This is by no means easy to answer. In fact, I can only show you the pros and cons to help you to decide.

As you are a penny pools enthusiast, I presume that you have made up your mind to take big risks with the possibility of winning a really big prize.

Unless you have altered your opinion, stick to your penny pool, but don't change your method. It is too late to do this, and as your present system has been fairly near, I should be inclined to give it the full season to prove itself.

On the other hand, if the prospect of a better chance of a smaller dividend appeals to you more now, then

change to one of the pools where you are given a choice of matches.

It is a theory of mine that form is more reliable towards the end of the season, and we can expect a bigger proportion of home wins.

This does not mean big dividends, of course, but if you are going to change your pool, have a shot at forecasting home wins in one of the pools with a choice. If you do change, make one change only—don't dodge about!

Six-results Method

What is the best way of grouping eight or more home selections for the six-results pool in six columns? I am not keen on bankers, and also I like each of my selections to have an equal chance, so please say the best number of selections to make.—S. J., Birmingham.

As you want each of your selections to have equal allowance for error, the following markings for twelve matches are recommended:

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If ten or more of your selections are correct, at least one correct column is guaranteed.

Not Recommended

How many columns would it take to be certain of four ways out of thirteen

Race with
"Silver Ring"

Two Stables to Follow

DURING the week before the start of flat racing I like always to take a jaunt round Newmarket, to watch teams at work on the Heath and listen to the advice of the sages, of whom there are quite a few. My recent visit was really interesting and instructive.

The star teams at headquarters are those of Capt. C. Boyd-Rochfort at Freemason Lodge, and Frank Butters at Fitzroy House. There are over 60 horses at each of these establishments, every one bred in the purple.

I am particularly attracted by the two-year-olds in Frank Butters' charge. They number 38, and I should rate them as the most valuable collection of young bloodstock in the world. I predict with great confidence that most of the valuable T.Y.O. races of 1939 will be won by inmates of this stable.

It is well on the cards also that the Aga Khan's Dhoni will make his mark in the classics. This unbeaten three-year-old has fully recovered from the setback that caused him to miss engagements following his win at Ascot.

Capt. Boyd-Rochfort has, however, the

Graded Guide Pools and Chart

By "Poolex" (Copyright)

BELOW are the games to be played on Saturday, March 25.

Likely home winners on form are at the top of the list, next come the more evenly matched teams, and at the end are likely away winners.

As an additional guide, column A shows whether the home team (1) or the away team (2) has the advantage on recent form. Column B gives the

next-best forecast as an alternative, whilst column C gives a warning asterisk (*) where results in past years suggest form may be upset.

In pools where a choice is given, avoid games marked *; cover fully, if possible (1—x—2), in pools where each match has to be forecast.

March 25, 1939.

	A	B	C
1 Lincoln v. York	1	2	
2 Barnsley v. Hartlepool	1	2	
3 Bournemouth v. Clapton O.	1	2	
4 Reading v. Port Vale	1	2	
5 Southampton v. Bradford	1	2	
6 Sheffield U. v. Tranmere	1	2	
7 Hull v. Rochdale	1	2	
8 Aberdeen v. Motherwell	1	2	
9 Stockport v. Wrexham	1	2	
10 Queen of S. v. Hamilton	1	2	
11 Southend v. Aldershot	1	2	
12 Tottenham v. Swansea	1	2	
13 Arbroath v. St. Mirren	1	2	
14 Wolves v. Grimsby	1	2	
15 Luton v. Bury	1	2	
16 Halifax v. Carlisle	1	2	
17 Plymouth v. West Ham	1	2	
18 W.B.A. v. Fulham	1	2	
19 Oldham v. Darlington	1	2	
20 Bolton v. Derby	1	2	
21 New Brighton v. Crewe	1	2	
22 Preston v. Sunderland	1	2	
23 Mansfield v. Northampton	1	2	
24 Cardiff v. Crystal P.	1	2	
25 Exeter v. Bristol C.	1	2	
26 Coventry v. Manchester C.	1	2	
27 Bradford Q. v. Rotherham	1	2	
28 Portsmouth v. Huddersfield	1	2	
29 Walsall v. Newport	1	2	
30 Barrow v. Southport	1	2	
31 Chester v. Doncaster	1	2	
32 Falkirk v. Third Lanark	1	2	
33 Brighton v. Torquay	1	2	
34 Hearts v. Albion R.	1	2	
35 Burnley v. Chesterfield	1	2	
36 Leeds v. Blackpool	1	2	
37 Bristol R. v. Swindon	1	2	
38 Newcastle v. Blackburn	1	2	
39 Notts F. v. Millwall	1	2	
40 Q.P.R. v. Notts C.	1	2	
41 Leicester v. Arsenal	1	2	
42 Hibernian v. Clyde	1	2	
43 Ipswich v. Watford	1	2	
44 Queen's Park v. Raith R.	1	2	
45 St. Johnstone v. Ayr	1	2	
46 Accrington v. Gateshead	1	2	
47 Norwich v. Sheffield W.	1	2	
48 Liverpool v. Brentford	1	2	
49 Chelsea v. Aston V.	1	2	

matches? How should I mark the coupon for this entry?—W. T., Keighley, Yorks.

I suspect that you have the idea of taking all the matches in the penny pool on your coupon and permuting them in the aways pool.

Don't do it!

For one thing, it would need 715 coupons to cover all the combinations, and although the aways pool pays some

high dividends, they are not likely to come in the weeks when the penny pool has four or more away winners on it.

Sorry to disappoint you, but such selection methods do not pay. Genuine attempts at forecasting are required to tackle pools systematically.

Real Interest

I think your page in JOHN BULL is the most interesting of all football pages. I shall be interested to know what your opinion is of some of the recent innovations on the coupons, such as the "teams-failing-to-score"; "homes-failing-to-win"; "treble-chance," and similar pools.

These pools may stimulate interest, but I think that the real interest in pools is the straightforward forecasting of results. There is no end to the variations if pools go on developing in this way. What do you think?—H. B., Barnsley.

I have no strong opinions on this matter. I think that the army of punters can be left to settle this. Obviously, the promoters are out to give the public what they want, and if these pools are not supported they will soon fade out. Remember that the very popular penny pools were an innovation once, and very much a side-line at first. Look at them to-day.

* * *

Pool fans who invest in small amounts should watch the *Sporting Life Weekly* every Saturday for special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many useful features included in the *Weekly's* comprehensive pools service.

Is your Back Aching?



Rheumatic Twinges, Urinary Disorders, Sharp or Naggng Backache, Lumbago, Disturbed Nights are some of the signs of Kidney Weakness.

DO STABBING PAINS strike across the back? Is the urine disordered and your sleep disturbed? Do weather changes bring rheumatic twinges? These are some of the signs of kidney weakness which Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills so successfully combat. They banish the pain by treating the cause—the weakened or sluggish kidneys. Don't wait to be laid up! Doans Pills may save you weeks of suffering with rheumatism, lumbago, bladder weakness, renal dropsy or sciatica.

"Colds Led to Lumbago"
Mr. E. Cook, 49, Highfield Road, Berkhamsted, Herts., says: "For twenty years every cold brought on a return of lumbago. Sharp twinges would catch me in the back and hips. At other times there was a heavy, dragging pain in the back. The urinary system was disordered, the water containing a sediment. I can scarcely recollect the remedies I tried before I started with Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. They cleared the water and eased my back, so that I became quite well. No medicine equals Doans Pills." (Signed) E. Cook.

Ask your Chemist for



This beautifully bound book is sent FREE to all clients of

DAVID COPE

The *Sporting Life* says:

"Our racing library, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, is extensive and peculiar, but there is no one book on the shelves that is more interesting and instructive than this handy volume."

RESERVATION FORM

Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account and reserve for me a FREE copy of your "Racing's Encyclopedia and Diary" until you receive my first commission. I am over 21 years of age.

J.B. 25/5/39

Name _____ Suggested Weekly Credit _____
Address _____
Town _____ County _____

DAVID COPE

LUDGATE CROSS LONDON E.C.4

Are you anaemic, weak, run-down, nervous?



If you are suffering from a run-down condition, depression, loss of vigour, nervous exhaustion, insomnia, weakness after illness, here is news of greatest importance to you. Leciferrin, scientific, highly effective combination of iron, phosphorus and other blood-building elements, is giving thousands new vitality, building healthy bodies, steady nerves, sound digestion. Doctors testify to amazing results: "remarkable improvement in composition of blood and appetite"; "rapid effect in cases of anaemia and nervous exhaustion"; "improvement in cases of loss of appetite, attacks of 'giddiness,' etc., etc. Leciferrin brings strength-building elements together in a new and easily assimilated form. It actually enriches the blood, builds up tired, exhausted tissues, steadies nerves, gives new appetite. Remember, healthy blood is the first condition of life. Leciferrin increases the haemoglobin content of the blood by as much as 15-20% in 14 days in some cases. Don't continue to suffer. Enjoy health again and enter into a normal life. Leciferrin is pleasant to taste, easy to digest. Leciferrin will help you. Don't delay. Get a bottle at your chemist; or, write to-day, enclosing P.O. or cheque for 3/9 for trial bottle to Galenus Ltd., Dept. B2, 308, Regent Street, London, W.1. Money back if not satisfied.

LECIFERRIN

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 2/3 and 3/6.

LIVE Yeast is LIFE! The Finest TONIC

Owing to its 'LIFE' and richness in all the B Vitamins, PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is a splendid GENERAL TONIC and a most effective remedy for

INDIGESTION, NERVES and NEURITIS

By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast conquers indigestion, enriches the blood and tones up the nerves in Nature's Own Way. Safe for all ages.



50 Tablets . . . 1/3
Family Size (150) 3/-
Vest-pocket Size 6d.
Of all Chemists

Always ask for PHILLIPS TONIC YEAST by name.

Phillips REAL LIVE Yeast TONIC YEAST without drugs

Get a copy of this 56-Page HANDY GUIDE ★ A Book to Refer to Every Day of the Year

Get a copy of the Phoenix Handy Guide to Gardening, Poultry-keeping and Garden Plant Cultivation. 56 pages—thousands of hints. A book to refer to every day of the year. You can get it for 3d. post free. Fill in the coupon at once on page 56. It is the most handy and practical book you can wish for. It tells you when to sow—how to plant—what to grow. Also recipes for fertilizers, insecticides, etc. If you prefer, you can write, mentioning "John Bull," enclosing 3d. in stamps, to The Publisher, Co., Ltd., 129, Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Look Mother! another of those beastly boils

Let's try CUTICURA!



Few lads escape these painful eruptions, to some they are a constant and humiliating plague. If you have a son so afflicted, bathe the boils frequently and thoroughly with hot water and plenty of Cuticura Soap. After each fomentation anoint the boils liberally with Cuticura Ointment. This is the most effective outward treatment you can use for boils, pimples, and even stubborn ulcers, such as bad legs. Cuticura carries its cleansing, germ-killing, healing properties to the very core of the eruption. It speedily allays irritation and inflammation and induces a healthy condition which permits the formation of sound flesh and new skin. Cuticura is the ideal first-aid and healer

for cuts, grazes and all skin injuries. No germ can live in contact with Cuticura. It therefore gives sure protection against festering and septic poisoning. In the home, the garage, garden and workshop, one's hands get in the wars; children at play tumble and bark their knees. For safety's sake keep a tin of Cuticura handy. WORKS MIRACLES WITH STUBBORN ECZEMA. Stops the tormenting itch almost the moment it touches the skin, and often a single tin banishes an eruption of years' standing.

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT

★ Use Cuticura Soap in the bath and for washing. It is as soothing to the skin as fresh dairy cream.

KILLS SEPTIC GERMS - DRAWS OUT POISONS

RELIABLE REMEDIES for Everyday COMMON AILMENTS

They will give Prompt Relief and Save you Doctor's Bills. Order them To-day—Accept the Special Bonus Trial Offer Free!

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

No More GASTRITIS, ACIDITY and PAIN AFTER EATING. YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Thousands of sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis or Gastric Catarrh, Wind Flatulence, Fulness after Meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by Shadforth Acid Tablets (No. 1077). Popularly known as "White Lions." Prices: Trial size 6d. (24). Other sizes 1/4 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions). Ask for "White Lions," and make your meal-time happier! A Trial will convince you that "WHITE LIONS" are POSITIVELY the World's Greatest Remedy for Acid Indigestion.

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send to readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 6d. to-day with this coupon asking for "WHITE LIONS," to:

MR. W. SHADFORTH, P.L.C., M.P.S.,
Mail Order Dept.,
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.42), 49, King William Street,
London, E.C.4.

HEART TROUBLE

Prescription That Always Gives Relief. Don't be alarmed because you suffer from symptoms of palpitation or pain near the heart. It may be indigestion or overstrung nerves. Shadforth Tonic No. 632 (known as "Blue Lion Fox Nuts") will strengthen the nerves, steady the heart, and tone up stomach and kidneys. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take the prescription, and be normal in a few days. This prescription prevents palpitation, faintness, tremblings, run-down conditions, and stops that falling-to-pieces feeling. Trial Size 1/- (25). Other Sizes 1/6 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO 1/- packets for the price of one. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 1/- to-day with this advertisement asking for "BLUE LION FOX NUTS" to:-

MR. W. SHADFORTH, P.L.C., M.P.S.,
Mail Order Dept.,
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.42), 49, King William Street,
London, E.C.4.

RHEUMATISM

HEADACHE, SCIATICA, NEURITIS. All Nerve Pains, including those of Neuralgia, Colds, Influenza, Headache, Sciatica, Neuritis, etc., are promptly relieved by "Shadforth Compound," the new pain-killer (No. 283). This formula is non-purgative and does not upset the stomach. It quickly relieves pain and renders movement possible. It reduces inflammation and temperature, and kills bacteria. Prices: Trial Size 6d. (10). Other Sizes 1/3 (25), 2/- (50), 3/6 (100).

FREE! BONUS TRIAL OFFER

For a limited period only I will send readers of "John Bull" TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one. If, after trying one, you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 6d. to-day with this coupon, asking for "Shadforth Compound" to:

MR. W. SHADFORTH, P.L.C., M.P.S.,
Mail Order Dept.,
Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.,
(Dept. J.B.42), 49, King William Street,
London, E.C.4.

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE, LTD., DISPENSING CHEMISTS

(Dept. J.B. 42), 49, KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4

PHARMACIST DISCOVERS SEA PLANT CURES NERVOUSNESS

An amazing sea plant from the Pacific Ocean, the world's richest source of life-giving Minerals and Vitamins, was the salvation of a Cardiff pharmacist, who, a short time ago, was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Here was another case of Mineral-Vitamin Starvation—the complaint from which, according to the League of Nations report, millions of Britons are suffering. This member of the P.S. writes . . .

" . . . As a qualified pharmacist I was in a position to try practically any and every remedy. I did so, with no apparent improvement until I tried 'Vikelp.' After one bottle the improvement was amazing and today I feel fitter than I have ever felt in my life."

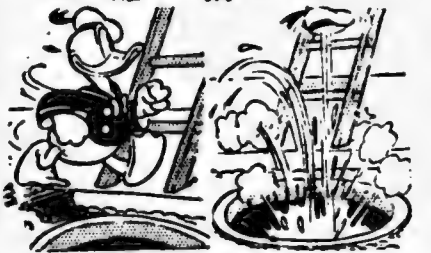
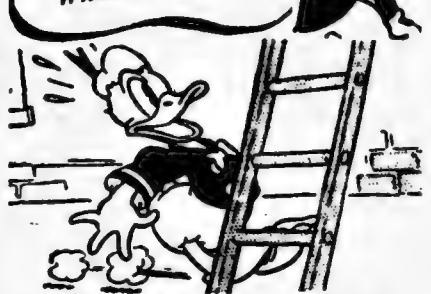
The product he mentions ("Vikelp" Brand Tablets) is made from this very sea plant from the Pacific Ocean. It contains all the body Minerals and the life-giving Vitamins, which blood and glands must have to combat such disorders as his. People suffering from nervous, run-down, anemic conditions, stomach troubles and underweight are advised to take these life-giving "Vikelp" tablets.

The makers guarantee that if in 10 days such conditions are not banished, money will be refunded. They offer FREE, a 50-page booklet on How to add weight if needed—banish stomach troubles, rheumatism and anemias—build strength, energy, strong nerves and rich red blood: new facts about Minerals, Iodine and Vitamins, to all who care to write in to them. Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B. 3/4, 128 Baker Street, London, W.1.

THE WEBLEY SERVICE AIR RIFLE

NO LICENSE REQUIRED TO PURCHASE OR USE AT HOME. WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE. Rabbits, Rats, Squirrels and other vermin can be destroyed by this extremely accurate and powerful Air Rifle. Ideal for Target Practice. CALIBRE .22-177 With daylight and Night Sight. WEBLEY & SCOTT LTD., 222, WEAVER STREET, BIRMINGHAM, 4.

Disney Fun for the Whole Family



Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck, Goofy and all Walt Disney's merry Gang provide heaps of grand fun for everyone in "Mickey Mouse Weekly." OUT NOW. Here's a bumper two-penny worth which young and old enjoy—get a copy and see it for yourself—TO-DAY!

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

6/- per month (less than 2d. a day!) says the Graves "PLANET" Cycle with Riddemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Rained or Drop Handlebars, Leather or Metal's with Accessories, Carry Pail 25/- or 3/- monthly Recharge for Easy Terms. With Starve - Archer Three-Speed Gear 25/- or 3/- monthly Recharge for Easy Terms. See 'n' Juvenile, & Tandem, Roadster, Racer, Club Models. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD



Watch Your KIDNEYS AFTER INFLUENZA

Any urinary irregularity or unusual pain in the back, muscles or joints should be suspected.

An enormous strain is placed on the kidneys by illness owing to the accumulated impurities which the kidneys must clear away before perfect health returns.

In most illnesses the kidneys themselves get weak or impaired. So when they are called upon to take the extra load of clearing out the poisons which result from the illness (bacteria, dead cells, uric acid, etc.), you will see how necessary it is that your kidneys are watched and assisted.

The safest and most pleasant way of strengthening your kidneys is by taking some De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills. They are prepared specially to act on the kidneys. This they do so effectively and gently that you will be delighted with the feeling of health and strength that comes after taking a short course with them.

They are so successful in giving relief in all cases of kidney trouble because they are specially prepared for that work. In fact, you can see for yourself within 24 hours that they have put their healing touch right where it is needed. So do not neglect any symptoms that warn you your kidneys need attention. Look out for—

BACKACHE PAINS IN JOINTS
BAGGY EYES LISTLESS FEELING
BAD BREATH RHEUMATIC PAINS

or any Urinary Irregularities

If you have any of these symptoms, get

De WITTS PILLS

Sold everywhere at 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

STOMACH PAINS ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup combines in concentrated form the medicinal virtues of more than ten different herbs, roots and barks which experience has shown have the power of restoring tone, efficiency and regularity to the digestive organs as no single drug or combination of drugs can do. The action of Mother Seigels is gentle, not drastic; it builds up, little by little, day by day, Nature's way, the only true way. All chemists have it at 1/3 and 3/-.

Banish The Shadow of OVERWEIGHT

MRS. V. P. Reduced her BUST 8 ins. WAIST 9 ins. MIDS 6 ins. MRS. E. J. says "I LOST 2 st. 10 lbs. And Feel Ten Years Younger..."

Thousands of women have found the SAFE way to slimness and renewed health through SILF Brand Obesity Tablets. So can YOU! As the fat vanishes from your limbs and body so you will find a new interest and pleasure in life. Once more you will be able to wear those beautiful slimline garments and to enter into youthful, energetic activities.

Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 2/- and 4/- per box. (You save money by purchasing the larger sizes.) Or post free by sending the price to—The SILF CO. LTD. (Dept. 488) 25 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. No proprietary rights are claimed in the preparation of this remedy.



The Editor

BABS (Guildford).—"I want you to believe me when I say that I haven't the least interest in men." We do. But what about the most?

S. B. (Sutton).—"The woman of to-day takes an interest in politics as well as fashions." She likes to know what is going on.

H. Y. (Romsey).—"Is there anything at all that can make England a land flowing with milk and honey?" Yes, cows and bees.

T. D. (Ripley).—"What is there underlying a great artist's work?" Canvas.

M. R. (Birmingham).—"The summer holidays won't be too long now." No; too short.

S. N. (Newmarket).—"Inexperienced punters soon come to grief on the racecourse." And on the river.

L. R. (Exeter).—"Is the perfect man still far away?" No, according to the wife he's our next-door neighbour.

N. W. (Darlington).—"I am not going to attempt to deny that I have my price." Then why are you giving yourself away?

C. T. (Amsrham).—"He always keeps his wallet in his hip pocket." Perhaps he feels more secure with money behind him.

D. V. (Barrow).—"After many years' retirement from Variety, I am about to return to the stage." Just thought of a new joke?

P. N. (Kettering).—"I can always tell a lady by the way she dresses." But surely if she were a lady she would pull down the blind.

CECIL (Purley).—"Her face simply burned when I kissed her by surprise." The cool cheek was yours.

T. L. (Lewden).—"The daffodils in my garden seem to do a sort of dance when the sun shines." While the wallflowers sit out, we suppose?

Mrs. T. (Bolton).—"My husband's so patient—he never grumbles about anything." See letter below.

Mrs. T. (Bolton).—"One of these days when my wife stops talking, I'll tell her some of the things I've got to grouse about." See letter above.

E. N. (Hampstead).—"I asked the photographer how much it would cost before he started, but he would not tell me." He evidently wanted you to look pleasant until it was all over.

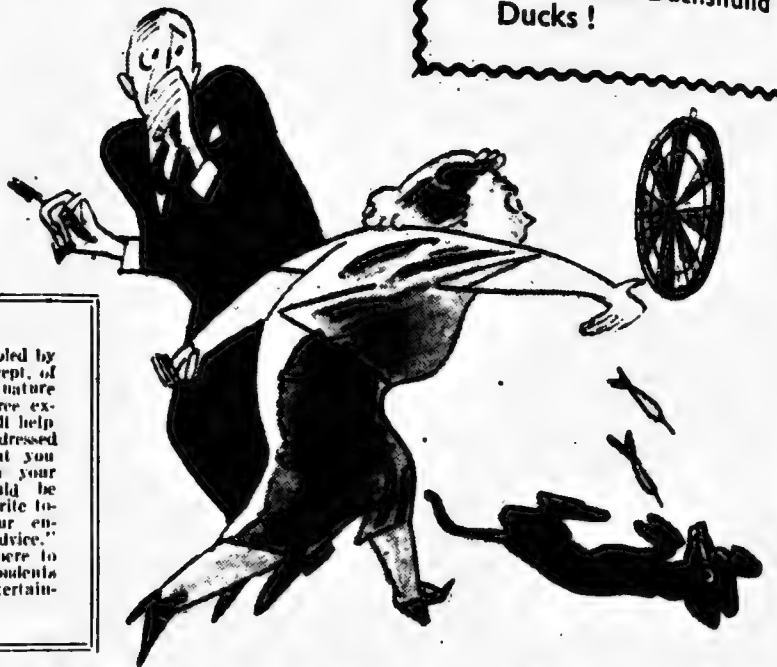
D. H. P. (Tonbridge).—"Women are an open book to me. I understand them inside out." Well, can you tell us what women drivers mean when they hold out their hands?

SMART ALEC (Wigan).—"I am thinking of coming to London to show 'em a thing or two. Where would you advise me to stay?" In Wigan.

D. G. (Canterbury).—"My wife is wonderfully economical. She doesn't waste a thing. Does your wife economise?" Yes; we have to go without practically everything we need.

S. D. (Risca).—"Although very poor, we have now got married and life goes on in a kind of Garden of Eden." Nothing to wear and in fear of being turned out?

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



"Bullets" Illustrated:
Wifey's Weakness—
Darts—Even Dachshund
Ducks!

Laughs Last

E. W. (Ripon).—"It is more or less of a certainty that my boy will go far." What is he, steward on a liner?

T. L. (Hendon).—"I think I can safely claim to be the most-talked-of man in the town." See letter below.

C. M. (Hendon).—"My neighbour gets on my nerves. He is always talking about himself." See letter above.

R. M. (Ealing).—"I want to come along to your Long Ace office, but I'm afraid you would not see me." Good heavens! Are you as insignificant as that?

S. L. (Buxton).—"When motoring, one should always give way to a woman out of politeness." And common-sense.

R. L. (Cowes).—"There is something about a yachting holiday in the early Spring that gets one." It was the boom in our case.

A. P. L. (Esher).—"Troubles never come singly." Still, remember that blessings often come in showers. Look at those ten fine prizes offered for one Bullet on page 39.

E. N. (Wimbledon).—"I took out my tennis racquet this morning for the first time this year and found it was as good as new." Further proof of the power of the press.

DICK (Leek).—"There's always trouble with the pipes in my house—the plumber is here every week." Well, look where you live!

T. R. (Bangor).—"I have been told that an instrument has been made that will measure one-billionth of an inch. It will probably be used by motorists in finding parking space."

R. V. (Acton).—"You have only to take one bottle of some medicines and you are cured." While with others one sniff is enough to convince you that you aren't even ill.

P. N. (Warwick).—"Now that we have sight and sound with films, it won't be long before we have smell." And a certain amount of taste wouldn't be unwelcome sometimes.

D. K. (Highgate).—"The Treasury recently received £1 anonymously from a conscience-stricken taxpayer." We suppose it would be too much to hope that 799,999,999 other repentant citizens will follow suit and settle the rearmament bill.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

SHIELDS GAZETTE: "Solidly constructed of food the den covers a floor space of 36 square feet."

LIVERPOOL ECHO: "The girl also admitted having stolen a box of beads worth 2s. 6d. from the same store, on the same day."

THE MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH: "A bus passenger near Stevenson Square had its windows blown out."

BELFAST TELEGRAPH: "Bond, who pleaded not guilty and deserved his defence..."

THE CINEMA: "Patrons visiting the Scala will then be able to HEAVE their cars in a covered garage..."

THE ERA: "...to take the future in hand and help Anglo-British relations by having a few films made here."

Dad's—

Heavy Burden

by Maz



WHY ILLNESS STRIKES DOWN SOME CHILDREN - MISSES OTHERS

Today nearly every child gets a cod liver oil tonic in winter. Then why does it protect some children and not others?

ONE THING modern mothers have learnt is that in winter children need a cod liver oil tonic to protect them against illness. But some mothers are baffled to find their children do not get as much benefit from this care as others.

The trouble is that thousands of children cannot take ordinary cod liver oil — their digestions are not strong enough. Such children should only be given cod liver oil in its most quickly digestible form—Scotts Brand Emulsion.

"When cod liver oil is given in the white, creamy form of Scotts Brand Emulsion," writes an eminent Medical Research Body, "children can wholly digest the oil, and get all the body-building goodness they need."

SOUND REASONS WHY YOUR CHILD'S COD LIVER OIL TONIC MUST BE SCOTT'S BRAND EMULSION

1. Ordinary cod liver oil is difficult for some children to take.
2. Scotts Brand Emulsion is the most quickly digestible form of cod liver oil. Immediately after taking, every drop goes to strengthen the child's whole body, particularly the chest and lungs.
3. Scotts Brand Emulsion actually makes the digestive juices work more strongly, so that the body gets more nourishment out of food.
4. Scotts Brand Emulsion also contains hypophosphates of lime and soda, to help still further in building up your child's bones and teeth.

Give your child a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion three times every day. Trial size 1/3, larger sizes 3/- and 5/-.

"I dreaded the coming of winter for my girl!"

"Every winter," writes a Brixton mother, "my little girl used to catch running colds. The tonic I gave her didn't seem to help. But then I read that Scotts Brand Emulsion was more digestible, so I tried that. You should see her now! Not a cold all last winter. It was a treat to see the little mite putting on weight and getting rosy cheeks."

THE PENGUIN ADVISES

NIPITS
VOICE, THROAT & CHEST PASTILLES



SKIN DISEASES

Marvellous Results of New Blood Treatment.

The New Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Piles and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

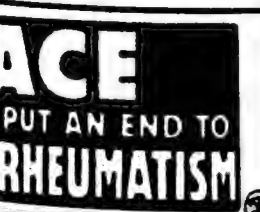
It is prepared in the form of tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised.

Send for FREE Sample.

Phyto treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post-free, together with three sample and copies of "New Blood Treatment" Write for these to-day. (In plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Phyto makes!

THE NEW BLOOD TREATMENT COMPANY, LTD.
(Dept. 284) Cecil House, Barbican, London, E.C.1.

URACE
PUT AN END TO RHEUMATISM



15,000 NURSES ACCLAIM 'ASPRO'

Probably no field of service is so dependent on unselfish activity—understanding—cheerfulness and self-sacrifice as our vast and noble army of nurses. Often they



labour under great hardship for small reward. Yet they get on unselfishly with their job of healing the sick. Hundreds of nurses have visited the 'ASPRO' factory at Slough and we have received thousands of letters of appreciation from others. They appreciate that 'ASPRO' is the quickest acting—safest—most efficient medicine tablet. They have proved that 'ASPRO' does not harm the heart—that it does not cause gastric upset—that all can take it from youth to age. They have found 'ASPRO' tablets the surest method of first aid.

HERE ARE A FEW NURSES' LETTERS—
They are worth reading!

'ASPRO' DOES NOT HARM THE HEART OR STOMACH

NURSE PRAISES 'NOTHING BETTER' 'ASPRO' THAN 'ASPRO' FOR 'FLU SAYS NURSE

Dear Sirs,
I wish to write and thank you. One of my old patients had a bad attack of 'Flu—I then advised the result of your 'ASPRO', which were most effective. I shall most assuredly recommend them for colds of any description, and especially for neuritis, etc., etc., as I feel they are indispensable in a house this time of the year.
I am sure they will find a home wherever they are tested.
I remain, Yours truly,
NURSE B. S.

Nurse J. H. writes from Manor Park, London, E.12.: "To me there is nothing better for feverishness and headaches, etc., than 'ASPRO'. and I would be glad to encourage patients to have them for their safe results."

NURSE RECOMMENDS 'ASPRO' FOR RHEUMATISM

Dear Sirs,
You may be interested to know the high opinion I have of your 'ASPRO' Tablets, they are indeed wonderful. So many patients ask me to recommend them something to relieve pain or rheumatism, and, often times, I say, "ASPRO" Tablets are the best I know on the market.
Yours faithfully,
E. M. M. (Nurse).

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 600

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

All Leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

NURSE "NEVER WITHOUT 'ASPRO'"

Nurse E. H. writes from Brighton: "I feel that I must write and tell you what a boon 'ASPRO' has been to myself and my patients. I am a trained nurse doing private work and am never without 'ASPRO' when I go to my cases. They are indeed wonderful and I cannot speak too highly of them."

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA HEADACHES SLEEPSNESSES RHEUMATISM COLIC NEURALGIA GOUT RHEUMATISM ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS TOOTHACHE COLD LUMBAGO BRUISES NEURALGIA MEASLES NERVE PAIN PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN MALARIA ASTHMA

NURSE'S ADVICE 'ASPRO' & HOT MILK FOR SLEEPLESSNESS

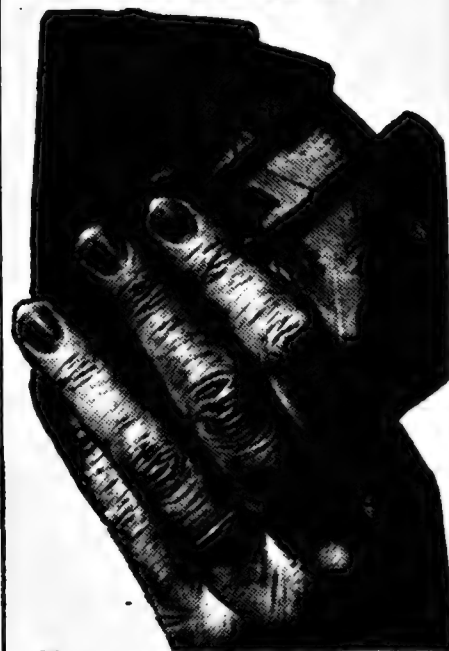
Bredbo, Cooma Line, N.S.W.
Dear Sirs,
Allow me to thank you for your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets. During my 15 years of nursing I used them regularly for patients, without complaints. If I found a patient not sleeping well at night, I gave two 'ASPRO' tablets followed by a drink of hot milk. The patient then slept until morning. Their value, as far as a nurse's life is concerned, is beyond words and I can safely recommend 'ASPRO' to anyone.—Yours faithfully,
SISTER T. A.T.N.A.

'ASPRO' WILL SMASH UP THAT 'FLU' ATTACK IN 1 NIGHT



PRICES 3^d 6^d 1^s 2^s 6^d

Ugh! KITCHEN HANDS



Your hands will keep soft, smooth and attractive even though you do housework, if you rub in 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly every night at bedtime, then wipe off. Doctors say 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils. Start tonight. Jars 4jd., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins. Send for free booklet to Department JB2, Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline

TRADE MARK
Petroleum Jelly

Every night keeps hands nice

THE ACID IN YOUR STOMACH WOULD BURN A HOLE IN A CARPET



You must take the burning fire out of this excess acid. Laboratory tests prove that RENNIE Tablets can make this burning excess acid as mild as milk. RENNIES can do this because they reach your stomach full-strength. They are not diluted with water. They flow down in natural saliva. At once, the 15 scientifically blended ingredients start to work. Some neutralize your excess acid. Pancreatin helps to digest food. Bismuth and Kaolin protect delicate stomach lining. With excess acid made as mild as milk, pain stops. You can eat anything. Simply take 2 or 3 RENNIES after meals. Separately wrapped, you carry them loose in pocket or handbag — no fussing with glasses of water. Every chemist sells Digestif RENNIE Brand Tablets. Large trial size, only 6d. Four times the quantity, 1/9.

RENNIES

MAKE EXCESS STOMACH ACID MILD AS MILK

Win over

50

ONE
FOR JOHN BULLS

IN WEEKLY PENSION CHEQUES
DURING NEXT 25 YEARS-AND
CONTINUING FOR LIFE

FIRST PRIZE
£2 WEEKLY
FOR LIFE *or* **£600 CASH**

147

ONE WEEK TO WIN LIFELONG INDEPENDENCE



MISS L. HOGARTH.

BEFORE YOU TO-DAY IS ONE OF THE FINEST ONE-WEEK OFFERS SEEN IN CROSSWORDS THIS YEAR, HEADED BY AN ENORMOUSLY INCREASED LIFE PENSION AND INCLUDING £400 CASH IN OTHER PRIZES.

A few weeks ago an entry by Miss L. Hogarth, 96, Sandy Lane, Skelmersdale, Lancs, made this 27-year-old farm worker the 98th Crossworder to beat all her rivals and brought her a £500 fortune.

Now you can be Outright Winner No. 99 and, in this week's outstanding Offer, capture a prize that will bring you over £2,500 in weekly Pension Cheques during the next 25 years of your life. Enter quickly and a golden Joy Wire just before Easter may well bring you "John Bull's" congratulations on capturing that solid First Prize Life Pension of £2 Weekly.

Start now on the Clues and be sure to post your First Prize entry on or before Thursday, March 30; then look for next week's puzzle, so that you may take advantage of the special £200 Continuity Bonus announced above.

ACROSS CLUES

3. Good restaurant's chef generally has this for preparing dishes
5. Crew of racing eight may sometimes feel like going for
6. There's usually a guide in one
8. Metal found in forest
10. Number of previous Clue
14. One expects experienced carpenter's to be good
16. Most children have
18. People sometimes have for game at party
20. It's occasionally advisable to pull one up
22. One prefers this to be true
23. Traffic is just occasionally held up by

DOWN CLUES

1. One wouldn't expect amateurs to make a very good one
2. One hears with this
3. Badly damaged ones sometimes need heeling when they're being repaired
4. Employer expects this when taking on men for well-paid jobs
7. Support of table
9. Successful racing expert can usually get a good one for his tips
11. Liner may find one useful at times
12. Can usually be relied upon for heavy articles as well as light
13. Gardener isn't likely to waste this in garden
15. Willing horse is likely to jib when hit by driver's
17. Never easy to do, however smart you are
19. Light ones are better for working in
21. It's never advisable to pack this too tightly

COMBINED ENTRY PRIVILEGES, including FREE "BULLETS"

If desired, your Crossword entry may be enclosed with *Bullets* entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both Entry-fees. Make such Postal Order payable to "John Bull," cross & Co., Address Combined Entry envelope Crossword No. 147, and *Bullets* No. 1, 164, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C and B" in top left-hand corner. Closing postmark of Saturday, April 1, allowed for such combined entries, thus providing Crossworders with 2 extra days if also entering for *Bullets*.

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. 6d. or over is permitted to submit one *Bullets* coupon for current Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it is enclosed with and bears same name and address as Crossword entry.

LOOK OUT FOR ANOTHER X-WORD MONSTER COMING SOON!

Read these Rules—Terms and Conditions on page 12.

- 1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares submitted, and each entrant is limited to 16 squares including 4 FREE squares.
- 2.—Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it "A Co.," write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Thursday, March 30, 1939. Entries from addresses outside the British Isles must be received not later than Friday, March 31.
- 3.—No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 4.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

- 5.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, April 13. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, April 18, in accordance with directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing three winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of answers in them, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.
- 6.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.
- 7.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.
- 8.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CLOSING POSTMARK—Thurs., March 30.

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 147, "JOHN BULL," 87, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 147. Closing Postmark, Thurs., Mar. 30, 1939



—IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE—



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters, and I enclose

2 SQUARES
6d.
4 SQUARES
1s.

P.O. value
No.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

DANGER IN THE HEARTH

SHE was busy clearing out the fire. Not for one moment did the thought of danger enter her mind. Why should it? But sometimes perils lurk where they are least expected. Suddenly, with a scream of terror, she realised that her dress was in flames. The fire that she thought was dead and harmless, contained a live ember, and in bending down, her skirt caught alight.

An ambulance was quickly summoned and she was rushed to hospital. Despite every attention, however, she died later from her injuries.

This, in brief, is the tragic fate that befell Mrs. M. A. Thompson, of 66, Quarry Row, Houghton-le-Spring, Co. Durham.

As Mrs. Thompson was a registered reader of "John Bull," a cheque for £50—the benefit provided for Fatal Home Accidents under "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift—has been promptly paid.

UNIQUE BENEFITS

In addition to providing numerous other accident Benefits, "John Bull" is the only paper in the world to safeguard registered readers' household effects against damage by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD and TEMPEST, and to pay SICKNESS BENEFITS.

"JOHN BULL," THE ONLY PAPER TO PAY FIRE, STORM, FLOOD & SICKNESS BENEFITS.

£846 8s. 1d. PAID LAST WEEK

Last week alone, "John Bull" distributed no less than £846 8s. 1d. to registered readers or their dependants as follows:

Household & Sickness Benefits	...	...	£578	8	1
Accident Benefits—					
Adults	...	...	£135	0	0
Children's Accidents...	...	...	£133	0	0
			£846	8	1

OVER £650,000 ALREADY PAID

This great Gift of Security stands without parallel in practical value. Since the scheme was launched, the colossal sum of over £650,000 has been distributed to registered readers or their dependants.

No greater testimony to the real practical value of this unique Family Insurance Gift is needed.

A SECURITY GIFT WORTH £2 2s. 0d.

Similar protection to that which "John Bull" offers to you FREE would, if taken out through an insurance company, cost at least two guineas in annual premiums.

Remember! One registration covers husband, wife and children (over six and under fifteen).

The possession of "John Bull's" Certificate of Security gives you a real sense of protection. If you have not yet registered for this Great and Unique Security Gift, use the Forms below AT ONCE.

YET ANOTHER WIN JOHN BULL'S

Who's NEXT for a

10-in-1 Prize?



Is your photograph ready?

Simply by putting together a neat *Bullet*, each of the two young men you see above—Mr. C. Clarkson, Hanwell (left), and Mr. R. G. Patterson, Liverpool—recently secured a giant 10-in-1 prize.

Now a few well-chosen words of ordinary English on one of the coupons opposite can bring you a tenfold First Prize that will sweep all your worries away!

Start at once upon the *Examples* and Friday, April 14, may well bring you a golden Joy Wire, heralding all the blessings of the mighty one-week prize now waiting to be won!

COUPONS and 'EXAMPLES' on NEXT PAGE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature

Address

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 25/3/39.

SIGN TO-DAY

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address

Address

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

Use 3d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if 3d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 25/3/39.

'BULLETS' 1,160 RESULT

First Prize, £300 Cash plus Easter Holiday Week-end for Two

F. POPE, Barkham Ride, Wokingham.

Example: MAN BEHIND THE PLOUGH
Bullet: RARELY UNHEALTHY—

UNHEALTHY RARE.

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

W. L. YOUNG, 7, Rothbury Avenue, Felaw-on-Tyne.

Example: What Roosevelt Says
Bullet: "Plainer" Because Of "Distance."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

Mrs. C. C. POWELL, "Woodend," Caterham Drive, Old Coulsdon, Surrey.

Example: When Mother Goes Shopping
Bullet: Counts Pennies—Discounts "Catch-pennies."

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

29: S. B. OILBERT, 20, Jamaica Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Grand National—Effort, Beats Conscription's "Whip."

25: J. W. PATTESON, 71, Castle Street, Grimsby.

Citizen Of The Future—Something Under The City.

27: Mrs. WOOD, 20, Bountrees, Jedburgh, Roxburghshire.

Man Behind The Plough—"Chimneys" Beckoning, Promising "Hearth."

26: T. HARRIS, 10, Blandford Street, Dean Bank, Ferryhill, Co. Durham.

Dad's Looking For Work, But—Too Regularly—Too "Casually."

25: A. J. FORRESTER, 145, Hospital Bridge Road, Whiston, Midx.

Blessings Of Peace—"Cooling Down" Calling Down.

24: Mrs. B. OAKFORD, 73, Greenhill Road, Coalville, Leicester.

Lost Child—Prodigy—Found "Discovering" Childhood.

23: Mrs. M. WOODWARD, 50, Grovehall Avenue, Beeston, Leeds.

Desert Of Loneliness—Upstairs—Reason Sonny's "Thirsty."

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. BAILEY, 2, Stone Street, Cheadle Hulme, Cheshire.

Two's Company, But—Farmer Reluctantly Buys Tractor.

G. BOADEN, 39, Lonsdale Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

From The Sea—Dad Pulled—Dad Wasn't!

E. V. BROWN, 4, Rhodesia Road, Leytonstone, London, E.

Desert Of Loneliness—Dangerous, Garden Pond Made.

M. E. BROWN, 45, Monmouth Road, Dorchester, Dorset.

Wise Woman—Heads Gossip's Talk Off.

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

B. H. BRUCE, 12, Maple Avenue, Yewley, Midx.

Desert Of Loneliness—"Mummy's Bust!" "Daddy's Tired!"

M. HOLLOWAY, Albert Avenue, Hamworthy, Poole, Dorset.

Desert Of Loneliness—Her "Withering" Tongue Created.

W. LEE, Top Flat, 174, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.

At The Newlyweds—"Do"—Epicure's Advice.

"Don't!"

(Entered on Prize coupon.)

C. NICHOLLS, 4, Calverhall, Whitechurch, Salop.

Man Behind The Plough—Sandy—Sold Angler Worms!

Mrs. H. L. POTTS, 76, Whitby Road, Ruislip, Midx.

Two's Company, But—Communication Cord Reassures Auntie!

E. WILLIAMS, 6/o Newington, Bowdon, Cheshire.

Blind—Policeman—Saw Cupid "Loitering."

A list of 30 winners of Easter Hampers and 30 winners of 2-in-1 Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being originality, aptness and cleverness. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 3d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and date of posting Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 134-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.4.

3d

MONSTER REWARD for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS!

GIANT 10 IN FIRST

HEADING 'BULLETS' GREAT
ONE-WEEK
OPPORTUNITY OFFER!

JOY WIRE FRIDAY APRIL 14

FIRST PRIZE

£300

£750

CASH plus 9 OTHER FINE PRESENTATIONS

If single prize preferred to 10-in-1 Award, £500 Cash will be paid.

Seaside Holiday COSTING UP TO £25

Furniture FOR YOUR HOME VALUE UP TO £25

Clothes FOR YOURSELF AND FAMILY, VALUE UP TO £25

Bureau Bookcase AND 50 BOOKS

Superb Radiogram

Vacuum Cleaner OR DE-LUXE BICYCLE

Cine-Camera OUTFIT VALUE £25

Millionaire's WEEK-END FOR TWO

£5 Each Birthday FOR LIFE

HOW TO WIN THIS HUGE PRIZE

To make a prize Bullet, simply take an Example and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then improve this to TWO, THREE OR FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with that particular Example.

For instance, against the Example PROSPERITY'S ON THE WAY, BUT, you might jot down Spending Millions On Arms Delays It. This you could easily improve to the typical Bullet, PROSPERITY'S ON THE WAY, BUT—ARMAMENTS LORRIES "BLOCKING ROAD."

Before starting on your own efforts, study the leading Bullets in our 1,160th Contest on the opposite page. Then turn to the Examples and see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, April 1.

Simply Add 2, 3, or 4 Words to any of these "Examples"

SPRIT OF DEMOCRACY
OUR SHELTER
PROSPERITY'S ON THE
WAY, BUT
PEOPLE WHO SUFFER
NO PLEASURE
CHANGE TO GET ON
BRAINS V. BRAIN
THE PASSWORD
BRITAIN NEEDS BABIES, YET
YOUR MONEY
FLOW FOR THE DICTATORS
GOLDNESS PAYS, SO

WE'LL BE HAPPY WHEN
KEPT ON
REGARDLESS OF ALL
GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENT
SHE THINKS SHE CAN
SING, BUT
HER HAT
ALONG CAME THE
COLLECTOR AND
AUNTIE LOVES ANIMALS, BUT
PROVED A FAILURE
SPRING'S IN THE AIR, SO
GONE FOR EVER
PILL FOR THE TAXPAYER

Another
Big
PENSION
PRIZE
coming
Next Week!

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,164, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed
Address

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for 2s, 2s and 2s respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,164 usually purchase "John Bull."

SAVE MONEY ON ENTRIES

With your Bullets entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single postal order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2d. on postage and postage. Make postal order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,164 and Crossword No. 147, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner. Closing date for such joint entry, Saturday, April 1.

6259
OTHER
AWARDS

£50	£25	£10	£9	£8	£7
10 of £3	10 of £2	10 of £1	20 of 10s		
200 of 2/6			6,000 GOOD SHOT PRIZES		

HURRY! Closing Postmark SAT. APRIL 1

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
P.O. No. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. (1,164) Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 1.	Signed Address

YOU CAN POST ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, APRIL 1.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
P.O. No. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. (1,164) Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 1.	Signed Address

FOR ENTERING FURTHER "BULLETS" USE PLAIN PAPER.

EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
EXAMPLE	
BULLET	
P.O. No. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on opposite page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. (1,164) Closing postmark SAT., APRIL 1.	Signed Address

ENTRY FEE

You must enclose a postal order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted, payable to "John Bull" and crossed /A Co./.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,164, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Why not get a Lovely Figure for Spring

SPRING is just round the corner and with it new Spring fashions. But have you got that slender line which modern fashions demand—which Bile Beans can give you?

Bile Beans are the safe approved method of slimming. Being purely vegetable you can take them nightly with perfect safety.

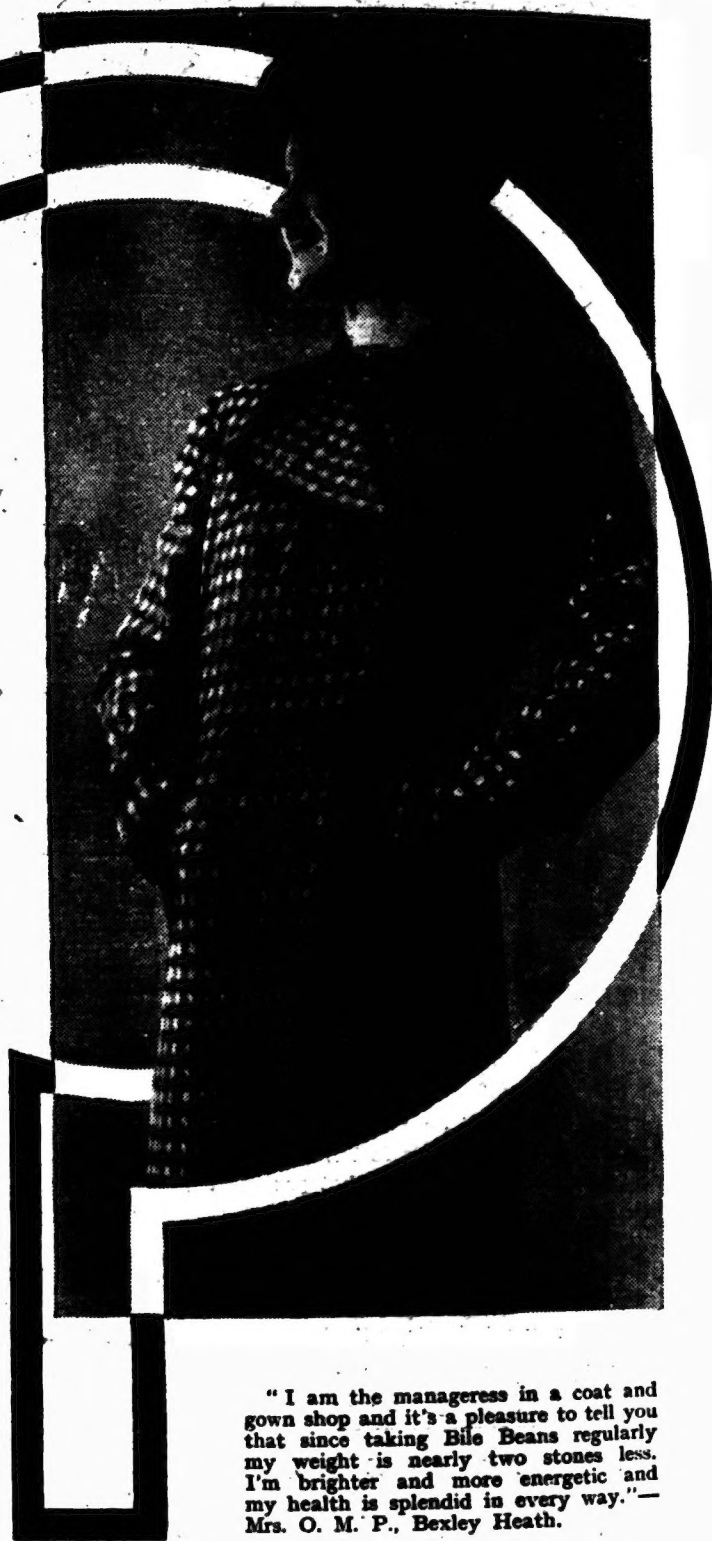
Bile Beans tone up your system, cleanse the blood of winter impurities and daily eliminate fat-forming residue. Thus they not only rid you of unwanted fat, but give you a clear skin, bright eyes and radiant health.

Don't forget—two Bile Beans nightly.

By Taking

BILE BEANS

At Bedtime



"I am the manageress in a coat and gown shop and it's a pleasure to tell you that since taking Bile Beans regularly my weight is nearly two stones less. I'm brighter and more energetic and my health is splendid in every way."—Mrs. O. M. P., Bexley Heath.

"Hardly a day passes without someone telling me what a lovely figure I have and how nicely my dresses fit. They little realise that at one time I weighed over 10½ stones. But Bile Beans have safely and gradually reduced me by 20 pounds."—Miss E. L. M., Nottingham.

"Since taking these wonderful Bile Beans they have gradually rid me of 21 pounds of surplus fat. My figure is now youthful and attractive, and I'm much better in health."—Mrs. D. H., Durham.